To the right Honourable the Ladie *Mary*, Counteſſe of Pembrooke.

WOnder of theſe, glory of other times,
O thou whō Enuy euē is forſt t'admire:
Great Patroneſſe of theſe my humble rymes,
Which thou frō out thy greatnes doſt inſpire:
Sith only thou haſt daign'd to raiſe them higher,
Vouchſafe now to accept them as thine owne,
Begotten by thine hand, and my deſire,
Wherin my zeale, & thy great might is ſhown.
And ſeeing this vnto the world is knowne,
O leaue not ſtill to grace thy worke in mee:
Let not the quickning ſeed be ouer-throwne,
Of that which may be borne to honour thee.
Whereof, the trauaile I may challenge mine,
But yet the glory, (Madam) muſt be thine.

TO DELIA.

SONNET. I.

VNto the boundles Ocean of thy beautie,
Runs this poore riuer, charg'd w̃ ſtreams of zeale
Returning thee the tribute of my dutie,
which here my loue, my youth, my plaints reueal.
Here I vnclaſpe the booke of my charg'd ſoule,
Where I haue caſt th'accounts of all my care:
Here haue I ſumm'd my ſighs, here I inrole
How they were ſpent for thee; look what they are
Looke on the deere expences of my youth,
And ſee how iuſt I reckon with thine eyes:
Examine well thy beautie with my truth,
And croſſe my cares ere greater ſummes ariſe.
Read it (ſweet maid) though it be don but ſleightly,
Who can ſhew all his loue, doth loue but lightly.

SONNET. II.

GO wailing verſe, the infants of my loue,
Minerua-like, brought foorth without a mother:
Preſent the Image of the cares I proue,
Witnes your fathers griefe exceedes all other.
Sigh out a ſtorie of her cruell deedes,
With inter-rupted accents of deſpaire:
A monument that whoſoeuer reedes,
May iuſtly praiſe, and blame my loueleſſe Faire.
Say her diſdaine hath dried vp my blood,
And ſtarued you in ſuccours ſtill denying:
Preſſe to her eyes, importune me ſome good,
Waken her ſleeping pittie with your crying,
Knock at her hard hart, beg till ye haue mou'd her,
And tell th'vnkind, how dearly I haue lou'd her.

If

SONNET. III.

IF ſo it hap, this of-ſpring of my care,
Theſe fatall Antheames, ſad and mournful ſongs:
Come to their view, who like afflicted are;
Ah let them ſigh their owne, & mone my wrongs.
But vntoucht hearts, with vnaffected eye,
Approch not to behold ſo great diſtreſſe:
Cleer-ſighted you, ſoone note what is awrie,
Whilſt blinded ones mine errours neuer geſſe.
You blinded ſoules whom youth and errours leade,
You out-caſt Eaglets, dazeled with your ſunne:
Ah you, and none but you my ſorrowes reade,
You beſt can iudge the wrõgs that ſhe hath done.
That ſhe hath done, the motiue of my paine,
Who whilſt I loue, doth kill me with diſdaine.

SONNET. IIII.

THese plaintiue verse, the posts of my desire,
Which haste for succor to her slow regard,
Beare not report of any slender fire,
Forging a griefe to winne a fames reward.
Nor are my passions lymnd for outward hewe,
For that no colours can depaint my sorrowes:
DELIA her self, and all the world may view
Best in my face, wher cares haue tild deep furrows
No Bayes I seeke to decke my mourning brow,
O cleer-eyde Rector of the holy Hill:
My humble accents beare the Oliue bough,
Of intercession to a tyrants will.
These lines I vse, t'vnburthen mine owne hart;
My loue affects no fame, nor steemes of Art.

Whilst

SONNET. V.

Whilſt youth and etror led my wandring minde,
And ſet my thoughts in heedles waies to range:
Ll vnawares, a Goddeſse chaſte I find,
Diana-like) to worke my ſuddaine change.
er no ſooner had mine eye bewraid,
...with diſdain ...o ſee me in that place;
With faireſt hand the ſweet vnkindeſt maid,
Caſts water-cold diſdaine vpon my face.
Which turnd my ſport into a Harts deſpaire,
Which ſtill is chac'd, while I haue any breath,
By mine owne thoughts; let on me by my faire:
My thoughts (like hounds) purſue me to my death
Thoſe that I foſtred of mine owne accord,
Are made by her to murther thus their Lord.

SONNET. VI.

FAire is my loue, and cruell as she's faire;
Her browshades frowns, althogh her eies are s
Her smiles are lightning, thogh her pride disp
And her disdaines are gall, her fauours hunn
A modest maide, deckt with a blush of honou
Whose feet do tread green paths of youth
The wonder of all eyes that looke vpon her
Sacred on earth, design'd a Saint abou
Chastitie and beautie, which were deadly foes,
Liue reconciled friends within her brow:
And had she pittie to conioyne with those,
Then who had heard the plaints better now.
O had she not beene faire, and thus vnkind,
My Muse had slept, & none had known my minde.

C

SONNET. XIII.

BEhold what hap *Pigmalion* had to frame,
And carue his proper griefe vpon a ſtone,
My heauie fortune is much like the ſame,
I worke on flint, and thats the cauſe I mone.
For hapleſſe loe euen with mine owne deſires,
I figurde on the table of mine hart,
The faireſt forme, that all the world admires,
And ſo did periſh by my proper arte.
And ſtill I toyle, to change the Marble breaſt
Of her, whoſe ſweeteſt grace I do adore,
Yet cannot find her breathe vnto my reſt,
Hard is her hart, and wo is me therefore.
O happy he that ioy'd his ſtone and arte,
Vnhappie I to loue a ſtonie hart.

Thoſe

SONNET. XIIII.

THose snary locks, are those same nets (my Deere)
Wherewith my libertie thou didst surprize;
Loue was the flame that fired me so neere,
The Dart transpearsing, were those Christal eies.
Strong is the net, and feruent is the flame;
Deep is the wound my sighes do well report:
Yet do I loue adore, and praise the same,
That holds, & burns, that wounds me in this sort.
And list not seeke to breake, to quench, to heale,
The bond, the flame, the wound that festreth so,
By knife, by liquor, or by salue to deale:
So much I please to perish in my woe.
Yet least long trauailes be aboue my strength,
Good DELIA lose, quench, heal me now at length.

If

SONNET. XV.

IF that a loyall hart and faith vnfained,
If a ſweet languiſh with a chaſt deſire,
If hunger-ſtaruen thoughts ſo long retained,
fed but with ſmoke, and cheriſht but with fire:
And if a brow with cares characters painted,
Bewraies my loue, with broken words half ſpoken
To her that ſits in my thoughts Temple ſainted,
And layes to view my Vultar-gnawne hart open:
If I haue done due homage to her eyes,
And had my ſighes ſtill tending on her name;
If on her loue my life and honour lyes,
And ſhe (th'unkindeſt maid) ſtil ſcorns the ſame,
Let this ſuffize, that all the world may ſee,
The fault is hers, though mine the hurt muſt bee.

Happy

SONNET. XVI.

HAppie in sleepe, waking content to languish,
Imbracing clowds by night, in day time mourne,
My ioies but shadows, touch of truth my anguish
Griefes euer springing, comforts neuer borne.
And still expecting when she will relent,
Growne hoarce with crying mercy, mercy giue,
So manie vowes, and prayers hauing spent,
That wearie of my selfe, I loathe to liue.
And yet the Hydra of my cares renues
Still new-borne sorrowes of her fresh disdaine:
And still my hope the Sommer winds pursues,
Finding no end nor period of my paine.
This is my state, my griefes do touch so neerly,
And thus I liue because I loue her deerely.

Why

SONNET XVII.

WHy ſhould I ſing in verſe, why ſhould I frame,
These ſad neglected notes for her deere ſake?
Why ſhould I offer vp vnto her name,
The ſweeteſt ſacrifice my youth can make?
Why ſhould I ſtriue to make her liue for euer,
That neuer deignes to giue me ioy to liue?
Why ſhould my afflicted Muſe ſo much endeuour,
Such honour vnto cruelties to giue?
If her defects haue purchaſt her this fame,
What ſhould her vertues do, her ſmiles, her loue?
If this her worſt, how ſhould her beſt inflame?
What paſſions would her milder fauours moue?
Fauours (I thinke) would ſence quite ouercome,
And that makes happie Louers euer dombe.

Since

SONNETS. XVIII.

SInce the first looke that led me to this error,
To this thoughts maze, to my confusion tending:
Still haue I liu'd in griefe, in hope, in error,
The circle of my sorrowes neuer ending.
Yet cannot leaue her loue that holds me hatefull,
Her eyes exact it, though her hart disdaines me;
See what reward he hath ỳ serues the vngrateful
So true and loyall loue no fauour gaines me.
Still must I whet my yong desires abated,
Vpon the flint of such a hart rebelling;
And all in vaine, her pride is so innated,
She yeelds no place at all for pities dwelling.
Oft haue I told her that my soule did loue her,
(And that with teares, yet al this wil not moue her.

Restore

SONNET. XXI.

COme death the anchor-hold of al my thoughts,
My last resort whereto my soule appeales,
For all too-long on earth my fancie dotes,
Whilst age vpon my wasted bodie steales.
That hart being made the prospectiue of horror,
That honoured hath the cruelst faire that liues,
The cruelst faire, that seest I languish for her,
Yet neuer mercie to my merit giues.
This is her Lawrell, and her triumphs prize,
To tread me downe with foot of her disgrace:
Whilst I did build my fortune in her eyes,
And laid my liues rest on so faire a face;
Which rest I lost, my loue, my life and all,
So high attempts to low disgraces fall.

SONNET. XXII.

THese sorrowing sighs, ỹ smoakes of mine annoy,
These teares which heate of sacred flame distils,
Are those due tributes that my faith doth pay
Vnto the tyrant, whose vnkindnes kils.
I sacrifize my youth, and blooming yeeres,
At her proud feet, and she respects not it:
My flower vntimely's withred with my teares,
And Winter woes, for spring of youth vnfit.
She thinks a looke may recompence my care,
And so with lookes, prolongs my long lookt ease.
As short that bliſſe, so is the comfort rare,
Yet must that bliſſe my hungry thoughts appease.
Thus she returnes my hopes so fruitlesse euer,
Once let her loue indeed, or eye me neuer.

False

SONNET. XXV.

RAigne in my thoughts faire hand, sweet eye, rare
Posses me whole, my harts triumvirate: (voice,
Yet heauie hart to make so hard a choise,
Of such as spoile thy poore afflicted state.
For whilst they striue which shall be Lord of all,
All my poore life by them is troden downe;
They all erect their Trophies on my fall,
And yeeld me nought ỹ giues thē their renowne,
When backe I looke, I sigh my freedome past,
And waile the state wherein I present stand;
And see my fortune euer like to last,
Finding me rain'd with such a heauie hand;
What can I do but yeeld? and yeeld I doo,
And serue all three, and yet they spoile me too.

SONNET. XXVI.

Alluding to the Sparrow pursued by a Hauke, that flew into the bosome of Zenocrates.

WHilst by her eies pursu'd, my poore hart flew it,
Into the sacred bosome of my deerest:
She there in that sweet sanctuarie slew it,
Where it presum'd his safetie to be neerest.
My priuiledge of faith could not protect it,
That was with blood & three yeers witnes signed,
In all which time she neuer could suspect it,
For well she saw my loue, and how I pined.
And yet no comfort would her brow reueale me,
No lightning look, which falling hopes erecteth;
What bootes to lawes of succour to appeale mee?
Ladies and tyrants, neuer lawes respecteth.
Then there I die, where hop'd I to haue liuen;
And by that hand, which better might haue giuen.

Still

SONNET. XXVII.

STill in the trace of my tormented thought,
My ceaſleſse cares muſt march on to my death:
Thy leaſt regard too deerly haue I bought,
Who to my comfort neuer deign'ſt a breath.
Why ſhouldſt ỹ ſtop thine eares now to my cryes,
Whoſe eyes were open, readie to oppreſſe me?
Why ſhut'ſt thou not ỹ cauſe whence all did riſe,
Or heare me now, and ſeeke how to redreſſe me?
Iniurious DELIA, yet Ile loue thee ſtill,
Whilſt that I breath in ſorrow of my ſmart:
Ile tell the world that I deſeru'd but ill,
And blame my ſelfe for to excuſe thy hart.
Then iudge who ſinnes the greater of vs twaine,
I in my loue, or thou in thy diſdaine.

SONNET. XXVIII.

OFt do I meruaile, whether DELIAS eyes,
Are eies, or els two radiant ſtarres that ſhine:
For how could Nature euer thus deuiſe,
Of earth on earth a ſubſtance ſo diuine.
Starres ſure they are, whoſe motions rule deſires,
And calme and tempeſt follow their aſpects:
Their ſweet appearing ſtill ſuch power inſpires,
That makes the world admire ſo ſtrange effects.
Yet whether fixt or wandring ſtarres are they,
Whoſe influence rule the Orbe of my poore hart?
Fixt ſure they are, but wandring make me ſtray,
In endles errors, whence I cannot part.
Starrs then, not eies, moue you with milder view,
Your ſweet aſpect on him that honours you.

The

SONNET. XXIX.

THe ſtarre of my miſhap impoſd this paine,
To ſpend the Aprill of my yeeres in wailing,
That euer found my fortune in the waine,
With ſtill freſh cares my preſent woes aſſailing.
Yet her I blame not, though for her tis done,
But my deſires wings ſo high aſpyring,
Which now are melted by that glorious Sunne,
That makes me fall from off my hie deſiring.
And in my fall, I crie for helpe with ſpeed.
No pittying eie lookes backe vpon my mourning
No ſuccour find I now when moſt I need,
Th'Ocean of my teares muſt drown me burning,
Whilſt my diſtreſſe ſhall chriſten her anew,
And giue the *Cruell Faire* this title due.

SONNET. XXX.

AND yet I cannot reprehend the flight,
Or blame th'attempt presuming so to sore,
The mounting venter for a high delight,
Did make the honour of the fall the more.
For who gets wealth that puts not from the shore?
Danger hath honour, great designes their fame,
Glorie doth follow, courage goes before.
And though th'euent oft answers not the same,
Suffize that high attempts haue neuer shame.
The meane obseruer (whom base safetie keepes,)
Liues without honour, dies without a name,
And in eternall darknes euer sleepes.
And therefore DELIA, tis to me no blot,
To haue attempted, though attaind thee not.

Raysing

SONNET. XXXI.

Rayſing my hopes on hills of high deſire,
Thinking to ſcale the heauen of her hart,
My ſlender meanes preſumd too high a part;
Her thunder of diſdaine forſt me retire.
And threw me downe to paine in all this fire,
Where lo I languiſh in ſo heauie ſmart,
Becauſe th'attempt was farre aboue my arte:
Her pride brook'd not poore ſoules ſhuld come ſo (nie her.
Yet I proteſt my high aſpiring will,
Was not to diſpoſſeſſe her of her right:
Her ſoueraigntie ſhould haue remained ſtill,
I onely ſought the bliſſe to haue her ſight.
Her ſight contented thus to ſee me ſpill,
Framd my deſires fit for her eyes to kill.

O

SONNET. XXXII.

O Why doth DELIA credite so her glasse,
Gazing her beautie deign'd her by the skies:
And doth not rather looke on him (alas)
whose state best shews ỹ force of murdering eies?
The broken tops of loftie trees declare,
The furie of a mercie-wanting storme:
And of what force your wounding graces are,
Vpon my selfe you best may find the forme.
Then leaue your glasse, and gaze your selfe on mee,
That Mirror shewes what power is in your face:
To view your forme too much, may danger bee,
Narcissus chang'd t'a flower in such a case.
And you are chang'd, but not t'a Hiacint;
I feare your eie hath turnd your hart to flint.

SONNET. XXXIII.

I Once may ſee when yeers ſhall wreck my wrong,
When golden haires ſhall change to ſiluer wier:
And thoſe bright raies that kindle all this fire,
Shall faile in force, their working not ſo ſtrong.
Then beautie (now the burthen of my ſong)
Whoſe glorious blaze the world doth ſo admire,
Muſt yeeld vp all to tyrant Times deſire;
Thē fade thoſe flowers ẏ deckt her pride ſo long.
When, if ſhe grieue to gaze her in the glaſſe,
Which, then preſents her winter-withered hew,
Go you my verſe, go tell her what ſhe was;
For what ſhe was ſhe beſt ſhall find in you.
Your fierie heate lets not her glorie paſſe,
But (Phœnix-like) ſhall make her liue anew.

Looke

SONNET. XXXIIII.

LOoke *Delia* how we steeme the half blowne Rose,
The Image of thy blush, and Sommers honour:
Whilst in her tender greene she doth inclose,
The pure sweet beautie Time bestowes vpon her.
No sooner spreads her glorie in the aire,
But straight her ful-blowne pride is in declining
She then is scornd that late adornd the faire:
So cloudes thy beautie after fairest shining.
No Aprill can reuiue thy withred flowers,
Whose blooming grace adornes thy glory now:
Swift speedy Time, feathred with flying howers,
Dissolues the beautie of the fairest brow.
O let not then such riches waste in vaine,
But loue whilst that thou maist be lou'd againe.

But

SONNET. XXXV.

BVT loue whilſt that thou maiſt be loud againe,
Now whilſt thy May hath fild thy lap w̃ flowers
Now whilſt thy beauty beares without a ſtaine;
Now vſe the Sommer ſmiles, ere Winter lowers.
And whilſt thou ſpreadſt vnto the riſing ſunne,
The faireſt flowre that euer ſaw the light,
Now ioy thy time before thy ſweet be done,
And (*Delia*) think thy morning muſt haue night.
And that thy brightnes ſets at length to Weſt,
When thou wilt cloſe vp ỹ which now ỹ ſhoweſt
And think the ſame becomes thy fading beſt,
Which then ſhall hide it moſt, and couer loweſt.
Men do not wey the ſtalke for that it was,
When once they find her flowre her glorie paſſe.

When

SONNET. XXXVI.

WHen men ſhall find thy flower, thy glory paſſe,
And thou with carefull brow ſitting alone:
Receiued haſt this meſſage from thy glaſſe,
That tels the truth, and ſaies that all is gone;
Freſh ſhalt thou ſee in me the wounds thou madeſt,
Though ſpent thy flame, in me ỹ heat remaining,
I that haue lou'd thee thus before thou fadeſt,
My faith ſhall waxe, when thou art in thy waining.
The world ſhall finde this miracle in mee,
That fire can burne when all the matter's ſpent:
Then what my faith hath beene thy ſelf ſhalt ſee,
And that thou waſt vnkinde, thou maiſt repent.
Thou maiſt repent that thou haſt ſcornd my teares,
When winter ſnowes vpon thy golden haires.

When

SONNET. XXXVII.

When winter ſnowes vpon thy golden haires,
And troſt of age hath nipt thy flowers neere,
When dark ſhal ſeeme thy day that neuer cleeres,
And all lies withred that was held ſo deere.
Then take this picture which I here preſent thee,
Limned with a Penſill not all vnworthy:
Here ſee the gifts that God and nature lent thee,
Heere reade thy ſelfe, and what I ſuffred for thee.
This may remaine thy laſting monument,
Which happily poſteritie may cherriſh,
Theſe colours with thy fading are not ſpent,
Theſe may remaine when thou and I ſhal perriſh.
If they remaine, then thou ſhalt liue thereby,
They will remaine, and ſo thou canſt not die.

Thou

SONNET. XXXVIII.

THou canſt not die whilſt any zeale abound
In feeling harts, that can conceiue theſe lines;
Though thou a *Laura* haſt no *Petrarch* found,
In baſe attire, yet cleerly Beautie ſhines.
And I (though borne within a colder clime,)
Do feele mine inward heate as great (I know it,)
He neuer had more faith, although more rime,
I loue as well, though he could better ſhow it.
But I may adde one feather to thy fame,
To helpe her flight throughout the faireſt Ile,
And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,
Then ſhouldſt thou liue in an immortall ſtile.
For though that *Laura* better limned bee,
Suffile, thou ſhalt be loud as well as ſhee.

O

SONNET. XXXIX.

O Be not grieu'd that theſe my papers ſhould
Bewray vnto the world how faire thou art:
Or that my wits haue ſhewed the beſt they could.
(The chaſteſt flame that euer warmed hart)
Thinke not (ſweet DELIA) this ſhal be thy ſhame,
My Muſe ſhould ſound thy praiſe with mournfull (warble,
How many liue, ỹ glory of whoſe name,
Shall reſt in Iſe, when thine is graud in Marble.
Thou maiſt in after ages liue eſteemd,
Vnburied in theſe lines reſeru'd in purenes;
Theſe ſhal intomb thoſe eies, that haue redeemd
Me from the vulgar, thee from all obſcurenes.
Although my carefull accents neuer moou'd thee,
Yet count it no diſgrace that I haue loud thee.

DELIA

SONNET. XL.

DELIA, these eyes that so admireth thine,
Haue seene those walls ỹ which ambition reared
To check the world, how they intombd haue lien
Within thẽselues; & on thẽ ploughes haue eared
Yet found I that no barbarous hand attaind,
The spoyle of fame deserud by vertuous men:
Whose glorious actions luckily had gaind,
Th'eternall Annals of a happie pen.
Why thẽ though DELIA fade, let ỹ not moue her,
Though time do spoile her of the faireſt vaile
That euer yet mortalitie did couer;
Which must instarre the needle and the Raile.
That grace, that vertue, al that serud t'in-woman,
Dooth thee vnto eternitie assommon.

Faire

SONNET. LXI.

FAire and louely maide, looke from the ſhore,
See thy *Leander* ſtriuing in theſe waues: (more,
Poore ſoule quite ſpent, whoſe force can doe no
Now ſend forth hopes, for now calme pitty ſaues.
And waſt him to thee with thoſe louely eies,
A happie conuoy to a holy Land:
Now ſhew thy power, and where thy vertue lies,
To ſaue thine owne, ſtretch out the faireſt hand.
Stretch out the faireſt hand, a pledge of peace;
That hand that darts ſo right and neuer miſſes:
I ſhall forget old wrongs, my griefes ſhall ceaſe;
And that which gaue me wounds, Ile giue it kiſſes.
O then let th'Ocean of my care find ſhore,
That thou be pleaſde, and I may ſigh no more.

Read

SONNET. XLII.

READE in my face a volume of diſpayres,
The wailing Iliads of my tragicke woe;
Drawne with my blood, & printed with my cares,
Wrought by her hand that I haue honourd ſo.
Who whilſt I burne, ſhe ſings at my ſoules wracke,
Looking aloft from turret of her pride:
There my ſoules tyrant ioyes her, in the ſacke
Of her owne ſeate, whereof I made her guide.
There do theſe ſmoakes that from affliction riſe,
Serue as an incenſe to a cruell Dame;
A ſacrifice thrice-gratefull to her eies,
Becauſe their power ſerue to exact the ſame.
Thus ruines ſhe (to ſatisfie her will,)
The temple where her name was honourd ſtill.

My

SONNET. XLIII.

MY DELIA hath the waters of mine eyes,
The readie handmaids on her grace attending:
That neuer fall to ebbe, but euer riſe,
For to their flow ſhe neuer grants an ending.
Th'Ocean neuer did attend more dulie
Vpon his ſoueraignes courſe, ỹ nights pale Queen
Nor paid the impoſt of his waues more trulie,
Then mine vnto her Deitie hath been.
Yet nought the rocke of that hard hart can moue,
Where beat theſe teares ẇ zeale, & furie driueth,
And yet I rather languiſh in her loue,
Then I would ioy the faireſt ſhe that liueth.
I doubt to find ſuch pleaſure in my gaining,
As now I taſte, in compaſſe of complaining.

How

SONNETS. XLIIII.

HOw long ſhall I in mine affliction mourne?
A burden to my ſelfe, diſtreſt in mind,
When ſhall my interdicted hopes returne,
From out deſpaire wherein they liue confi'nd?
When ſhal her troubled brow, chargd with diſdaine
Reueale the treaſure which her ſmiles impart?
When ſhall my faith the happines attaine,
To breake the Iſe that hath congeald her hart?
Vnto her ſelfe, her ſelfe my loue doth ſommon,
(If loue in her hath any power to moue,)
And let her tell me as ſhe is a woman,
Whether my faith hath not deſerud her loue.
I know ſhe cannot but muſt needes confeſse it,
Yet deignes not with one ſimple ſigne t'expreſse it.

Beautie

SONNET. XLV.

BEauty (ſweet loue) is like the morning dew,
Whoſe ſhort refreſh vpon the tender greene:
Cheeres for a time but till the Sunne doth ſhew,
And ſtraight tis gone as it had neuer beene.
Soone doth it fade that makes the faireſt floriſh,
Short is the glory of the bluſhing Roſe:
The hew which thou ſo carefully dooſt nouriſh,
Yet which at length thou muſt be forc'd to loſe.
When thou ſurcharg'd with burthen of thy yeeres,
Shalt bend thy wrinckles homward to the earth,
When time hath made a paſport for thy feares,
Dated in age the Kalends of our death.
But ah no more, this hath been often tolde,
And women grieue to thinke they muſt be old.

SONNET. XLVI.

I Muſt not grieue my Loue, whoſe eies would reed
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might ſmile;
Flowers haue a time before they come to ſeed,
And ſhe is yong, and now muſt ſport the while.
Ah ſport (ſweet Maid) in ſeaſon of theſe yeeres,
And learne to gather flowers before they wither:
And where the ſweeteſt bloſſoms firſt appeares,
Let loue and youth conduct thy pleaſures thither
Lighten forth ſmiles to cleere the clowded aire,
And calme the tempeſt which my ſighes do raiſe,
Pittie and ſmiles do beſt become the faire,
Pittie and ſmiles ſhall yeeld thee laſting praiſe.
I hope to ſay, when all my griefes are gone,
Happie the hart that ſigh'd for ſuch a one.

SONNET. XLVII.

At the Authours going into Italie.

O Whether (poore forsaken) wilt thou goe,
To goe from sorrow, and thine owne distresse,
When euery place presents like face of woe,
And no remoue can make thy sorrowes lesse?
Yet goe (forsaken,) leaue these woods, these plaines,
Leaue her and all, and all for her that leaues
Thee and thy loue forlorne, and both disdaines;
And of both, wrongfull deemes, and ill conceiues:
Seeke out some place, and see if any place
Can giue the least release vnto thy griefe:
Conuey thee from the thought of thy disgrace,
Steale from thy selfe, and be thy cares own thiefe.
But yet what comfort shall I hereby gaine?
Bearing the wound, I needes must feele the paine.

SONNET. XLVIII.

This Sonnet was made at the Authors being in Italy.

DRawne with th'attractiue vertue of her eyes,
My toucht hart turnes it to that happy coſt:
My ioyfull North, where all my fortune lies,
The leuell of my hopes deſired moſt.
There where my DELIA, fairer then the Sunne,
Deckt with her youth wheron ỹ world doth ſmile
Ioyes in that honour which her eies haue wonne,
Th'eternall wonder of our happy Ile.
Floriſh faire ALBION, glory of the North,
Neptunes beſt darling, held between his armes:
Deuided from the world as better worth,
Kept for himſelfe, defended from all harmes.
Still let diſarmed peace decke her and thee:
And Muſe-foe *Mars*, abroad far foſtred bee.

Care-

SONNET. XLIX.

CAre-charmer Sleepe, ſonne of the ſable night,
Brother to death, in ſilent darknes borne:
Relieue my languiſh, and reſtore the light,
With darke forgetting of my cares retarne.
And let the day be time enough to mourne,
The ſhipwrack of my ill aduentred youth:
Let waking eyes ſuffiſe to waile their ſcorne,
Without the torment of the nights vntruth.
Ceaſe dreames, th'imaginary eye of our daie deſires,
To modell forth the paſſions of the morrow,
Neuer let riſing Sunne approue you liers,
To adde more griefe to aggrauate my ſorrow.
Still let me ſleepe, imbracing clowdes in vaine,
And neuer wake to feele the daies diſdaine.

SONNET. L.

LET others sing of Knights and Palladines,
In aged accents, and vntimely words,
Paint shadowes in imaginarie lines,
Which wel the reach of their high wits records;
But I must sing of thee, and those faire eyes.
Autentique shall my verse in time too come,
When yet th'vnborne shal say, Lo where she lies,
Whose beauty made him speak y^t else was dombe.
These are the Arkes the Trophies I erect,
That fortifie thy name against old age:
And these thy sacred vertues must protect,
Against the darke and Times consuming rage.
Though th'error of my youth they shall discouer,
Suffice, they shew I liu'd, and was thy louer.

As

SONNET. LI.

AS to the Roman that would free his Land,
His error was his honour and renowne:
And more the fame of his mistaking hand,
Then if he had the tyrant ouer-throwne.
So DELIA hath mine error made me knowne,
And my deceiu'd attempt, deserud more fame,
Then if I had the victorie mine owne:
And thy hard heart had yeelded vp the same.
And so likewise, renowned is thy blame,
Thy cruelty, thy glorie; O strange case,
That errors should be grac'd that merite shame
And sinne of frownes bring honor to the face.
Yet happie DELIA that thou was vnkinde,
But happier yet, if thou wouldst change thy minde.

SONNET. LII.

Like as the Lute, that ioyes or els diſlikes,
As is his arte that plaies vpon the ſame;
So ſounds my Muſe, according as ſhe ſtrikes
On my hart-ſtrings, high tun'd vnto her fame.
Her touch doth cauſe the warble of the ſound,
Which heere I yeeld in lamentable wiſe,
A wailing deſcant on the ſweeteſt ground,
Whoſe due reports giue honor to her eyes.
Elſe harſhe my ſtile, vntunable my Muſe,
Hoarce ſounds the voyce ỹ praiſeth not her name
If any pleaſing reliſh heere I vſe,
Then iudge the world her beauty giues the fame,
O happy ground that makes the muſique ſuch,
And bleſſed hand that giues ſo ſweet a touch.

None

SONNET. LIII.

NOne other fame mine vnambitious Muſe,
Affected euer, but t'eternize thee:
All other honors do my hopes refuſe,
Which meaner priz'd and momentary be.
For God forbid I ſhould my papers blot,
With mercenary lines, with ſeruile pen:
Praiſing vertues in them that haue them not,
Baſely attending on the hopes of men.
No no, my verſe reſpects nor Thames nor Theaters
Nor ſeekes it to be known vnto the great,
But *Auon* poore in fame, and poore in waters,
Shall haue my ſong where DELIA hath her ſeat.
Auon ſhall be my Thames, and ſhe my ſong,
Ile ſound her name the Riuer all along.

SONNET. LIIII.

VNhappie pen, and ill accepted papers,
That intimate in vaine my chaſt deſires:
My chaſt deſires, (the euer-burning Tapers,)
Inkindled by her eyes celeſtiall fires.
Celeſtiall fires, and vnreſpecting powers,
That deigne not view, the glory of your might:
In humble lines the worke of careſull howres,
The ſacrifice I offer to her ſight.
But ſith ſhe ſcornes her owne, this reſts for me,
Ile mone my ſelfe, and hide the wrong I haue,
And ſo content me that her frownes ſhould be
To m'infant ſtile the cradle and the graue.
What though my ſelfe no honour get thereby,
Each bird ſings to her ſelfe, and ſo will I.

Loe

SONNET. LV.

LOE heere the impoſt of a faith vnfaining,
That loue hath paid, and her diſdaine extorted:
Behold the meſſage of my iuſt complaining,
That ſhews ỹ world how much my griefe impor-
Theſe tributarie plaints fraught with deſire, (ted,
I ſend thoſe eyes, the cabinets of loue;
The Paradice whereto my hopes aſpire,
From out this hell, which mine afflictions proue.
Wherein I thus do liue, caſt downe from myrth,
Penſiue alone, none but diſpaire about me,
My ioyes abortiue, periſht at their birth,
My cares long liu'd, and will not die without me.
This is my ſtate, and DELIAS hart is ſuch,
I ſay no more, I feare I ſaid too much.

FINIS.

An Ode.

NOW each creature ioyes the other,
passing happy daies and howers,
One bird reports vnto another,
in the fall of siluer showers,
Whilst the earth (our common mother)
hath her bosome deckt with flowers.

Whilst the greatest Torch of heauen,
with bright rayes warmes FLORAS lap,
Making nights and dayes both euen,
cheering plants with fresher sap:
My field of flowers quite bereuen,
wants refresh of better hap.

ECCHO, daughter of the Ayre,
(babling gueſt of Rocks and hils,)
Knowes the name of my fierce Faire,
and sounds the accents of my ils.
Each thing pitties my despaire,
Whilst that she her Louer kils.

Whilst that shee (O cruell maid,)
doth me and my loue despise,
My liues floriſh is decayed,
that depended on her eyes:
But her will must be obeyd,
and well he ends for loue who dies.

FINIS.

THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND.

OVT from the horror of Infernall deepes,
My poore afflicted ghoſt comes here to plaine it
Attended with my ſhame that neuer ſleepes,
The ſpot wherwith my kind and youth did ſtaine it.
My body found a graue where to containe it.
A ſheete could hide my face, but not my ſin,
For Fame findes neuer tombe t'incloſe it in.

And which is worſe, my ſoule is now denied,
Her tranſport to the ſweet Eliſian reſt,
The ioyful bliſſe for ghoſtes repurified,
Th'euer-ſpringing Gardens of the bleſt
Caron denies me waftage with the reſt.
And ſayes, my ſoule can neuer paſſe the Riuer,
Till Louers ſighes on earth ſhall it deliuer.

So ſhall I neuer paſſe; for how ſhould I
Procure this ſacrifice amongſt the liuing?
Time hath long ſince worne out the memorie,
Both of my life, and liues vniuſt depriuing,
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reuiuing.
ROSAMOND hath little left her but her name,
And that diſgrac'd, for time hath wrongd ỹ ſame.

No Muſe ſuggeſts the pittie of my caſe,
Each pen doth ouer-paſſe my iuſt complaint,
Whilſt others are preferd, though far more baſe;
Shores wife is grac'd, and paſſes for a Saint;
Her Legend iuſtifies her foule attaint.
Her wel-told tale did ſuch compaſſion find,
That ſhe is paſs'd, and I am left behind.

Which ſcene with griefe, my miſerable ghoſt,
(W[illegible] lome inuested in lo faire a vaile,
Wh[illegible] whilſt it liud, was honored of the moſt,
And being dead, giues matter to bewaile,)
Come to ſollicite thee, (ſince others faile,)
To take this taske, and in thy wofull ſong
To forme my caſe, and regiſter my wrong.

Although I know thy iuſt lamenting Muſe,
Toyld in th'affliction of thine own diſtreſſe,
In others cares hath little time to vſe,
And therefore maiſt eſteeme of mine the leſſe:
Yet as thy hopes attend happy redreſſe,
Thy ioyes depending on a womans grace,
So moue thy minde a wofull womans caſe.

DELIA may hap to deigne to read our ſtory,
And offer vp her ſigh among the reſt,
Whoſe merit would ſuffice for both our glory,
Whereby thou mightſt be grac'd, and I be bleſt;
That indulgence would profit me the beſt.
Such power ſhe hath by whom thy youth is led,
To ioy the liuing, and to bleſſe the dead.

So

So I (through beauty) made the wofulſt wight,
By beauty might haue comfort after death:
That dying faireſt, by the faireſt might
Find life aboue on earth, and reſt beneath.
She that can bleſſe vs with one happy breath,
Giue comfort to thy Muſe to do her beſt,
That thereby thou maiſt ioy, and I might reſt.

Thus ſaid: forth-with mou'd with a tender care,
And pitty, (which my ſelfe could neuer find,)
What ſhe deſir'd, my Muſe deign'd to declare,
And therefore, will'd her boldly tell her mind.
And I (more willing,) tooke this charge aſſignd,
Becauſe her griefes were worthy to be known,
And telling hers, might hap forget mine own.

Then write (quoth ſhe) the ruine of my youth,
Report the down-fall of my ſlippry ſtate,
Of all my life reueale the ſimple truth,
To teach to others what I learnt too late,
Exemplifie my frailtie, tell how Fate
Keepes in eternall darke our fortunes hidden,
And ere they come, to know them tis forbidden.

For whilſt the ſun-ſhine of my fortune laſted,
I ioyd the happieſt warmth, the ſweeteſt heate
That euer yet imperious beauty taſted,
I had what glory euer fleſh could get:
But this faire morning had a ſhamefull ſet.
Diſgrace darkt honor, ſinne did clowd my brow,
As note the ſequell, and ile tell thee how.

The

The blood I ſtain'd, was good and of the beſt,
My birth had honour, and my beautie fame:
Nature and Fortune ioyn'd to make me bleſt,
Had I had grace t'haue knowne to vſe the ſame.
My education ſhew'd from whence I came,
And all concurd to make me happie furſt,
That ſo great hap might make me more accurſt.

Happie liu'd I, whilſt Parents eye did guide,
The indiſcretion of my feeble wayes,
And Country home kept me from being eide,
Where beſt vnknowne I ſpent my ſweeteſt dayes;
Till that my friends mine honour ſought to raiſe,
To higher place, which greater credite yeelds,
Deeming ſuch beautie was vnfit for fields.

From Country then to Court I was preferd,
From calme to ſtormes, from ſhore into the deepes:
There where I periſh'd, where my youth firſt err'd,
There where I loſt the flowre which honor keepes;
There where the worſer thriues, the better weepes;
Ah me (poore wench,) on this vnhappie ſhelfe,
I grounded me, and caſt away my ſelfe.

For thither com'd, when yeers had armd my youth,
With rareſt proofe of beautie euer ſeene:
When my reuiuing eie had learnd the truth,
That it had power to make the winter greene,
And flowre affections whereas none had beene;
Soone could I teach my brow to tyrannize,
And make the world do homage to mine eyes.

For

For age I ſaw, (though yeeres with cold conceit,
Congeald their thoughts againſt a warme deſire,)
Yet ſigh their want, and looke at ſuch a bait,
I ſaw how youth was waxe before the fire.
I ſaw by ſtealth, I fram'd my looke a lyre.
Yet well perceiu'd, how Fortune made me then
The enuie of my ſexe, and wonder vnto men.

Looke how a Comet at the firſt appearing,
Drawes all mens eyes with wonder to behold it;
Or as the ſaddeſt tale at ſuddaine hearing,
Makes ſilent liſtning vnto him that told it,
So did my ſpeech when Rubies did vnfold it.
So did the blazing of my blu ſh appeare,
T'amaze the world, that holds ſuch ſights ſo deer

Ah beautie Syren, faire enchaunting good,
Sweet ſilent rhetorique of perſwading eyes:
Dumb eloquence, whoſe power doth moue ỹ blood,
More then the words, or wiſedome of the wiſe;
Still harmonie, whoſe diapaſon lies
Within a brow, the key which paſſions moue,
To raunſ ſence, and play a world in loue.

What might I then not do whoſe power was ſuch?
What cannot women do that know their powre?
What women knowes it not (I feare too much)
How bliſſe or bale lies in their laugh or lowre?
Whilſt they enioy their happie blooming flowre,
Whilſt nature decks her w her proper faire, (th'air
which cheers the world, ioies each ſight, ſweetens

Such

Such one was I, my beauty was mine own,
No borrowed bluſh which hanck rot beauties ſeek,
That new-found ſhame, a ſinne to vs vnknown,
Th'adulterate beauty of a falſed checke:
Vilde ſtaine to honour, and to women eke,
Seeing that time our fading muſt detect,
Thus with defect to couer our defect.

Impiety of times, chaſtities abator,
Falſhood, wherein thy ſelfe thy ſelfe denieſt.
Treaſon to counterfeit the ſeale of Nature,
The ſtampe of heauen, impreſſed by the hieſt.
Diſgrace vnto the world, to whom thou lieſt,
Idoll vnto thy ſelfe, ſhame to the wiſe,
And all that honor thee Idolatriſe.

Far was that ſinne from vs whoſe age was pure,
When ſimple beauty was accounted beſt,
The time when women had no other lure
But modeſty, pure cheekes, a vertuous breſt.
This was the pompe wherwith my youth was bleſt,
Theſe were the weapons which mine honor wun,
In all the conflicts which mine eies begun.

Which were not ſmal, I wrought on no mean obiect
A Crown was at my feet, Scepters obeyed me,
Who Fortune made my king, Loue made my ſubiect
Who did cõmand the land, moſt humbly pray'd me,
HENRY the ſecond, that ſo highly weigh'd me,
Found well (by proofe) the priuiledge of beauty,
That it had power to countermaund all duty.

For

For after all his victories in FRAVNCE,
Triumphing in the honor of his deedes:
Vnmatch'd by sword, was vanquisht by a glaunce,
And hotter wars within his bosome breeds.
Wars, whom whole Legions of desires feedes,
Against all which, my chastity opposes
The field of honour, vertue neuer loses.

No armour might be found that could defend,
Transpearcing rayes of Christall pointed eyes:
No stratagem, no reason could amend,
No not his age, (yet old men should be wise.)
But shewes deceiue, outward appearance lies.
Let none for seeming so, think Saints of others,
For all are men, and all haue suckt their mothers.

Who would haue thought a Monarch would haue
Obeyed his hand-maid of so meane estate? (euer
Vulcur ambition feeding on his liuer,
Age hauing worne his pleasure out of date,
But hap comes neuer, or it comes too late.
For such a dainty which his youth found not,
Vnto his feeble age did chance a-lot.

Ah fortune, neuer absolutely good,
For that some crosse still counter-checks our luck;
As heere behold th'incompatible blood,
Of age and youth was that whereon we stuck,
Whose lothing, we from natures brests do suck,
As opposite to what our bloud requires.
For equall age, doth equall like desires.

But

But mightie men in higheſt honour ſitting,
Naught but applauſe and pleaſure can behold,
Sooth'd in their liking, careleſſe what is fitting,
May not be ſuffred once to thinke the'are old.
Not truſting what they ſee, but what is told.
Miſerable fortune to forget ſo farre,
The ſtate of fleſh, and what our frailties are.

Yet muſt I needs excuſe ſo great defect,
For drinking of the *Lethe* of mine eyes,
He's forc'd forget himſelfe, and all reſpect
Of maieſtie, whereon his ſtate relyes:
And now of loues, and pleaſures muſt deuiſe,
For thus reuiud againe, he ſerues and ſu'th,
And ſeekes all meanes to vndermine my youth.

Which neuer by aſſault he could recouer,
So well incampd in ſtrength of chaſt deſires:
My cleane-armd thoughts repeld an vnchaſt louer,
The crowne that could commaund what it requires,
Heſer priz'd then chaſtities attires.
Th'vnſtained vaile, which innocents adorns,
Th'vngathred Roſe, defended with the thornes.

And ſafe mine honour ſtood, till that in truth,
One of my ſexe, of place and nature bad,
Was ſet in ambuſh to intrap my youth,
One in the habite of like frailtie clad,
One who the iu'ry of like weakenes had.
A ſeeming Matron, yet a ſinfull monſter,
As by her words the chaſter ſort may conſter.

Shee

Shee ſet vpon me with the ſmootheſt ſpeech
That court and age could cunningly deuiſe,
The one autentique, made her fit to teach,
The other learnd her how to ſubtilliſe.
Both were inough to circumuent the wiſe.
A document that well may teach the ſage,
That ther's no truſt in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter (ſaid ſhe) behold thy happie chance,
That haſt the lot caſt downe into thy lap,
Whereby thou maiſt thy honor great aduaunce,
Whilſt thou vnhappy, wilt not ſee thy hap,
Such fond reſpect thy youth doth ſo inwrap,
To oppoſe thy ſelf againſt thine own good fortune,
That points thee out, & ſeemes thee to importune

Dooſt thou not ſee, how that thy king (thy *Ioue*)
Lightens forth glorie on thy darke eſtate:
And ſhowres downe gold and treaſure from aboue,
Whilſt thou doſt ſhut thy lap againſt thy fate?
Fie fondling fie, thou wilt repent too late
The error of thy youth, that canſt not ſee
What is the fortune that doth follow thee.

Thou muſt not think thy flowre can alwaies flouriſh,
And that thy beautie will be ſtill admired,
But ỹ thoſe raies which all theſe flames do nouriſh,
Canceld with time, will haue their date expired,
And men will ſcorne that now is ſo deſired.
Our frailties doome is written in the flowers
Which floriſh now, and fade ere many howers.

Reade

Read in my face the ruines of my youth,
The wrack of yeeres vpon my aged brow,
I haue been faire,(I muſt confeſſe the truth,)
And ſtood vpon as nice reſpects as thou;
I loſt my time,and I repent it now.
But were I to begin my youth againe,
I would redeeme the time I ſpent in vaine.

But thou haſt yeeres,and priuiledge to vſe them,
Thy priuiledge doth beare Beauties great ſeale;
Beſides, the law of nature doth excuſe them,
To whom thy youth may haue a iuſt appeale.
Eſteeme not fame more then thou dooſt thy weale.
Fame(whereof ỹ world ſeems to make ſuch choiſe)
Is but an Eccho,and an idle voice.

Then why ſhould this reſpect of honor bound vs,
In th'imaginary liſts of reputation?
Tides which cold ſeuerity hath found vs,
Breath of the vulgar,foe to recreation:
Melancholies opinion,Cuſtomes relation;
Pleaſures plague,beauties ſcourge,hel to the faire
To leaue the ſweet,for Caſtles in the ayre.

Pleaſure is felt,opinion but conceiu'd,
Honor,a thing without vs,not our own;
Whereof we ſee how many are bereau'd,
Which ſhould haue reap'd the glory they had ſown.
And many haue it,yet vnworthy,known.
So breathes his blaſt this many-headed beaſt,
Whereof the wiſeſt haue eſteemed leaſt.

The

The ſubtile Citty-women, better learned,
Eſteeme th' chaſt enough that beſt ſeeme ſo:
Who though they ſport, it ſhall not be diſcerned,
Their face bewraies not what their bodies doe,
'Tis warie walking that dooth ſafeliеſt goe,
With ſhew of vertue, as the cunning knowes,
Babes are beguild with ſweets, & men with ſhows

Then vſe thy tallant, youth ſhall be thy warrant,
And let not honour from thy ſports detract:
Thou muſt not fondly thinke thy ſelfe tranſparent,
That thoſe who ſee thy face can iudge thy fact,
Let her haue ſhame that cannot cloſely act.
And ſeeme the chaſt, which is the chiefeſt arte,
For what we ſeem each ſee, none knows our hart.

The mighty who can with ſuch ſinnes diſpence,
In ſteed of ſhame do honors great beſtow:
A worthy author doth redeeme th'offence,
And makes the ſcarlet ſinne as white as ſnow.
The Maieſtie that doth deſcend ſo low,
Is now defilde, but pure remaines therin,
And being ſacred ſanctifies the ſin.

What, dooſt thou ſtand on this, that he is old?
Thy beautie hath the more to worke vpon.
Thy pleaſures want ſhall be ſupplide with gold,
Cold age dotes moſt when heate of youth is gone:
Enticing words preuaile with ſuch a one.
Alluring ſhewes moſt deepe impreſſions ſtrikes
For age is prone to credite what it likes.

Here interrupt, she leaues me in a doubt,
When loe began the combat in my blood,
Seeing my youth inuirond round about,
The ground vncertaine where my reasons stood,
Small my defence to make my partie good,
Against such powers which were so surely laid,
To ouer-throw a poore vnskilfull Maid.

Treason was in my bones, my selfe conspiring,
To sell my selfe to lust, my soule to sin:
Pure-blushing shame was euen in retiring,
Leauing the sacred hold it gloried in.
Honour lay prostrate for my flesh to win,
When cleaner thoughts my weaknes gan vpbray,
Against my selfe, and shame did force me lay,

Ah *Rosamond*, what doth thy flesh prepare?
Destruction to thy dayes, death to thy fame,
Wilt thou betray that honor held with care,
T'intombe with blacke reproch a spotted name,
Leauing thy blush, the colours of thy shame,
Opening thy feet to sinne, thy soule to lust,
Graceless to lay thy glory in the dust?

Nay, first let th'earth gape wide to swallow thee,
And shut thee vp in bosome with her dead,
Ere Serpent tempt thee taste forbidden tree,
Or feele the warmth of an vnlawfull bed,
Suffring thy selfe by lust to be misled:
So to disgrace thy selfe and grieue thine heires,
That *Cliffords* race shuld scorne thee one of theirs:

Neuer

Neuer with longer to enioy the aire,
Then that thou breath'ſt the breath of chaſtitie;
Longer then thou preſeru'ſt thy ſoule as faire
As is thy face, free from impuritie,
Thy face, that makes th'admir'd in euery eye,
Where Natures care ſuch rarities inroule,
Which vs'd amiſſe, may ſerue to damne thy ſoule.

But what? he is my King, and may conſtraine me,
Whether I yeeld or not, I liue defamed,
The world will thinke authoritie did gaine me,
I ſhall be iudg'd his Loue, and ſo be ſhamed,
We ſee the faire condemnd, that neuer gamed.
And if I yeeld, tis honourable ſhame,
If not, I liue diſgrac'd, yet thought the ſame.

What way is left thee then (vnhappie maid)
Whereby thy ſpotleſſe foote may wander out
This dreadfull danger which thou ſeeſt is laid,
Wherein thy ſhame doth compaſſe thee about?
Thy ſimple yeeres cannot reſolue this doubt,
Thy youth can neuer guide thy foote ſo euen,
But (in deſpight) ſome ſcandale will be giuen.

Thus ſtood I ballanc'd equally precize,
Till my fraile fleſh did weigh me downe to ſin,
Till world and pleaſure made me partialize,
And glittring pompe my vanitie did win,
When to excuſe my fault my luſts begin,
And impious thoughts alledg'd this wantō clauſe,
That though I ſinn'd, my ſin had honeſt cauſe.

So well the golden balls caſt downe before me,
Could entertaine my courſe, hinder my way:
Whereat my reſtleſſe youth ſtooping to ſtore me,
Loſt me the gole, the glorie, and the day.
Pleaſure had ſet my well-ſchoold thoughts to play,
And bad me vſe the vertue of mine eies,
For ſweetly it fits the faire to wantoniſe.

Thus wrought to ſin, ſoone was I traind from Court,
T'a ſolitarie Grange there to attend
The time the king ſhould thither make reſort,
Where he loues long-deſired worke ſhould ende.
Thither he daily meſſages doth ſend,
With coſtly Iewels orators of loue,
Which (ah too wel men know,) do women moue.

The day before the night of my defeature,
He greets me with a Caſket richly wrought,
So rare, that art did ſeeme to ſtriue with nature,
T'expreſſe ỹ cunning work-man's curious thought,
The myſterie whereof I prying ſought:
And found engrauen on the lidde aboue,
Amymone, how ſhe with *Neptune* ſtroue.

Amymone, old *Danaus* faireſt Daughter,
As ſhe was fetching water all alone
At *Lerna*: where as *Neptune* came and caught her,
From whom ſhe ſtriu'd and ſtrugled to be gone.
Beating the aire with cries and piteous mone.
But all in vaine, with him ſhe's forc'd to go,
Tis ſhame that men ſhould vſe poore maidens ſo.

there

There might I see described how she lay,
At those proude feete, not satisfied with praier:
Wayling her heauie hap, cursing the day,
In act so pitious to expresse dispaire, (faire,
And by howe much more grieu'd, so much more
Her teares vpon her cheeks (poore carefull girle)
Did seeme against the sunne christall and pearle.
(peares)
Whose pure cleare streames, which so so faire ap-
Wrought hotter flames, (ô miracle of loue,)
That kindles fire in water, heate in teares,
And makes neglected beautie mightier proue:
Teaching afflicted eyes, affects to moue;
To shew that nothing ill becomes the faier,
But crueltie, which yeelds vnto no prayer.

This hauing viewd, and therewith somthing moued,
Figured I find within the other squares,
Trans-formed Io, IOVES deerely loued,
In her affliction how she strangely fares.
Strangely distrels'd (ô beautie borne to cares)
Turn'd to a Heiffer, kept with iealous eyes,
Alwayes in daunger of her hatefull spyes.

These presidents presented to my view,
Wherein the presage of my fall was shown,
Might haue fore-warn'd me well what wold ensue,
And others harmes haue made me shun mine owne.
But fate is not preuented, though fore-knowne.
For that must hap, decreed by heauenly powers,
Who worke our fall, yet make the fault still ours

Witnes the world, wherein is nothing rifer,
Then miſeries vnkend before they come:
Who can the characters of chance diſcipher,
Written in clowdes of our concealed dome?
Which though perhaps haue been reueald to ſome,
Yet ỳ ſo doubtful as ſucceſse did proue thẽ, (them.
That men muſt know they haue the heauẽs aboue

I ſaw the ſinne wherein my foote was entring,
I ſaw how that diſhonour did attend it,
I ſaw the ſhame whereon my fleſh was ventring,
Yet had I not the power for to defend it,
So weake is ſence when error hath condemnd it.
We ſee what's good, and thereto we conſent,
But yet we chooſe the worſt, and ſoone repent.

And now I come to tell the woorſt of ilnes,
Now drawes the date of mine affliction neere,
Now when the darke had wrapt vp all in ſtilnes,
And dreadfull blacke had diſpoſeſs'd the cleere,
Com'd was the night, mother of ſleepe and feare,
Who with her ſable mantle freendly couers,
The ſweet-ſtolne ſports of ioyful meeting Louers

When loe, I ioyd my Louer, not my Loue,
And felt the hand of luſt moſt vndeſired:
Enforc'd th'vnprooued bitter ſweet to proue,
Which yeelds no mutuall pleaſure when tis hired.
Loue's not conſtrain'd, nor yet of due required.
Iudge they who are vnfortunately wed,
What tis to come vnto a loathed bed.

But

But soone his age receiu'd his short contenting,
And sleepe seald vp his languishing desires:
When he turnes to his rest, I to repenting,
Into my selfe my waking thought retires:
My nakednes had prou'd my sences liers.
Now opned were mine eies to looke therein,
For first we taste the fruit, then see our sin.

Now did I finde my selfe vnparadis'd,
From those pure fields of my so cleane beginning:
Now I perceiu'd how ill I was aduis'd,
My flesh gan loath the new-felt touch of sinning:
Shame leaues vs by degrees, not at first winning.
For nature checks a new offence with lothing,
But vse of sinne doth make it seeme as nothing.

And vse of sinne did worke in me a boldnes,
And loue in him, incorporates such zeale,
That iealousie increas'd with ages coldnes,
Fearing to loose the ioy of all his weale,
Or doubting time his stealth might else reueale,
He's driuen to deuise some subtile way,
How he might safelie'st keepe so rich a pray.

A stately pallace he forth-with did build,
whose intricate innumerable wayes,
With such confused errors so beguild
Th'vnguided entrers with vncertaine strayes,
And doubtfull turnings kept them in delayes,
With bootlesse labour leading them about,
Able to find no way, nor in, nor out.

Within the cloſed boſome of which frame,
That ſeru'd a Center to that goodly round,
Were lodgings, with a Garden to the ſame,
With ſweeteſt flowers that eu'r adorn'd the ground.
And all the pleaſures that delight hath found,
To entertaine the ſence of wanton eyes,
Fuell of loue, from whence luſts flames ariſe.

Here I inclos'd from all the world aſunder;
The Minotaur of ſhame kept for diſgrace,
The Monſter of Fortune, and the worlds wonder,
Liu'd cloyſtred in ſo deſolate a caſe:
None but the King might come into the place,
With certaine maides that did attend my need,
And he himſelfe came guided by a threed.

O Iealouſie, daughter of Enuie and Loue,
Moſt way-ward iſſue of a gentle Syer;
Foſtred with feares, thy fathers ioyes t'mproue,
Myrth-marring Monſter, borne a ſubtile lyer;
Hatefull vnto thy ſelfe, flying thine owne deſire:
Feeding vpon ſuſpect that doth renue thee,
Happie were louers if they neuer knew thee.

Thou haſt a thouſand gates thou entereſt by,
Conducting trembling paſſions to our heart;
Hundred-eyed *Argus* euer-waking ſpie,
Pale Hagge, infernall Furie, pleaſures ſmart,
Enuious obſeruer, prying in euerie part;
Suſpicious, fearefull, gazing ſtill about thee,
O would to God that loue could be without thee.

Thou

Thou didſt depriue (though falſe ſuggeſting feare)
Him of content, and me of libertie:
The onely good that women hold ſo deere,
And turnſt my freedome to captiuitie,
Firſt made a priſoner, ere an enemie.
Enioynd the raunſome of my bodies ſhame,
Which though I paid, could not redeeme y^e^ ſame.

What greater torment euer could haue beene,
Then to enforce the faire to liue retir'd?
For what is beautie if it be not ſeene?
Or what is't to be ſeene, vnleſſe admir'd?
And though admir'd, vnleſſe in loue deſir'd?
Neuer were cheekes of Roſes, locks of Amber,
Ordain'd to liue impriſond in a Chamber.

Nature created beautie for the view,
(Like as the fire for heat, the Sunne for light,)
The faire do holde this priuiledge as due
By auncient Charter, to liue moſt in ſight,
And ſhe that is debar'd it, hath not right.
In vaine our friends in this vſe their dehorting,
For beautie will be where is moſt reſorting.

Wines the faireſt ſtreets that Thames doth viſit,
The wondrous concourſe of the glittering faire,
For what rare woman deckt with beautie is it,
That thither couets not to make repaire?
The ſolitarie Country may not ſtay her.
Here is the center of all beauties beſt,
Excepting DELIA, left t'adorne the Weſt.

Heere doth the curious with iudiciall eyes,
Contemplate beautie gloriously attired,
And herein all our chiefest glorie lyes,
To liue where we are prais'd and most desired.
O how we ioy to see our selues admired,
Whilst niggardly our fauours we discouer,
We loue to be belou'd, yet scorne the Louer.

Yet would to God my foote had neuer mou'd
From Country fatetie, from the fields of rest,
To know the danger to be highly lou'd,
And liue in pompe to braue among the best,
Happie for me, better had I beene blest,
If I vnluckily had neuer straide,
But liu'd at home a happie Country Maide.

Whose vnaffected innocencie thinks
No guilefull fraude, as doth the Courtly liuer,
She's deckt with trueth, the Riuer where she drinks,
Doth serue her for her glasse, her counsel-giuer,
She loues sincerely, and is loued euer.
Her daies are peace, and so she ends her breath,
(True life that knowes not what's to die til death)

So should I neuer haue beene registred,
In the blacke booke of the vnfortunate,
Nor had my name enrold with Maids misled,
Which bought their pleasures at so hie a rate.
Nor had I taught through my vnhappy fate,
This lesson, which my selfe learnd with expence,
How most it hurts that most delights the sence.

Shame

Shame followes ſinne, diſgrace is duly giuen,
Impietie will out, neuer ſo cloſely done,
No walls can hide vs from the eyes of heauen,
For ſhame muſt ende what wickednes begun,
Forth breakes reproch when we leaſt think theron,
And this is euer proper vnto Courts,
That nothing can be done but Fame reports.

Fame doth explore what lies moſt ſecrete hidden,
Entring the Cloſet of the Pallace dweller,
Abroad reuealing what is moſt forbidden,
Of truth and falſhood both an equall teller,
Tis not a guard can ſerue for to expell her.
The ſworde of iuſtice cannot cut her wings,
Nor ſtop her mouth from vttring ſecrete things.

And this our ſtealth ſhe could not long conceale,
From her whom ſuch a forfeit moſt concerned:
The wronged Queene, who could ſo cloſely deale,
That ſhe the whole of all our practiſe learned,
And watcht a time when leaſt it was diſcerned,
In abſence of the king, to wreake her wrong,
With ſuch reuenge as ſhe deſired long.

The Labyrinth ſhe entred by that threed,
That ſeru'd a conduct to my abſent Lord,
Left there by chaunce, reſeru'd for ſuch a deed,
Where ſhee ſurpriz'd me whom ſhee ſo abhord,
Enrag'd with madnes, ſcarce ſhe ſpeakes a word,
But flyes with eager furie to my face,
Offring me moſt vnwomanly diſgrace.

Looke

Looke how a Tygreſſe that hath loſt her whelpe,
Runs fiercelie raging through the woods aſtray:
And ſeeing hirſelfe depriu'd of hope or helpe,
Furiouſly aſſaults what's in her way,
To ſatisfie her wrath,(not for a pray)
So fell ſhe on me in outragious wiſe,
As could diſdaine and iealouſie deuiſe.

And after all her vile reproches vs'd,
She forſt me take the poyſon ſhe had brought,
To ende the life that had her ſo abus'd,
And free her feares, and eaſe her iealous thought,
No cruelties her wrath would leaue vnwrought,
No ſpightful act that to reuenge is common,
(For no beaſt fearcer then a iealous woman.)

Here take (ſaith ſhe)thou impudent vncleane,
Baſe graceles ſtrumpet,take this next your hart,
Your loue-ſicke hart, that ouer-charg'd hath beene
With pleaſures ſurfeite,muſt be purg'd with art,
This potion hath a power that will conuart
To nought thoſe humors that oppreſſe you ſo,
And (girle)Ile ſee you take it ere I goe.

What ſtand you now amaz'd,retire you backe?
Tremble(you minion?) come diſpatch with ſpeede.
There is no helpe,your Champion now you lacke,
And all theſe teares you ſhed will nothing ſteed;
Thoſe daintie fingers needes muſt do the deed.
Take it,or I will drench you elſe by force,
And triſle not,leaſt that I vſe you worſe.

Hauing

Hauing this bloodie downe from hellish breath,
My wofull eyes on euerie side I cast,
Rigor about me, in my hand my death,
Presenting me the horror of my last;
All hope of pittie and of comfort past,
No meanes, no power, no forces to contend,
My trembling hands must giue my selfe my end.

Those hands that beauties Ministers had beene,
They must giue death that me adornd of late,
That mouth that newly gaue content to sin,
Must now receiue destruction in thereat,
That bodie which my lust did violate,
Must sacrifice it selfe t'appease the wrong,
(So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.)

And she no sooner saw I had it taken,
But forth she rushes, (proud with victorie,)
And leaues m'alone, of all the world forsaken,
Except of Death, which she had left with me,
(Death and my selfe alone togither be.)
To whom she did her full reuenge refer,
Ah poore weake conquest both for him and her.

Then straight my conscience summons vp my sin,
T'appeare before me in a hideous face;
Now doth the terror of my soule begin,
When euerie corner of that hatefull place,
Dictates mine error, and reueales disgrace;
Whilst I remaine oppresst in euery part,
Death in my bodie, horror at my hars,

Downe

Downe on my bed my loathſome ſelfe I caſt
The bed that likewiſe giues in euidence
Againſt my ſoule, and tels I was vnchaſte,
Tells I was wanton, tells I followed ſence,
And therefore caſt by guilt of mine offence,
Muſt heere the right of heauen needs ſatis-fie,
And where *I* wanton lay, muſt wretched die.

Here I began to waile my hard miſhap,
My ſuddaine, ſtrange vnlookt for miſerie,
Accuſing them that did my youth intrap,
To giue me ſuch a fall of infamie.
And poore diſtreſſed ROSAMOND (ſaid I,)
Is this thy glory got, to die forlorne
In Deſerts, where no eare can heare thee morne?

Nor anie eye of pittie to behold
The wofull end of my ſad tragedie:
But that thy wrongs vnſeene, thy tale vntold,
Muſt heere in ſecrete ſilence buried lie,
And with thee, thine excuſe together die.
Thy ſinne reueal'd, but thy repentance hid,
Thy ſhame aliue, but dead what thy death did.

Yet breathe out to theſe walls the breath of mone,
Tell th'aire thy plaints ſith men thou canſt not tell,
And though thou perriſh deſolate alone,
Tell yet thy ſelfe, what thy ſelfe knowes too well:
Vtter thy griefe wherewith thy ſoule doth ſwell.
And let thy hart, pittie thy harts remorſe,
And be thy ſelfe the mourner and the Corſe.

Condole

Condole thee heere, clad all in black diſpaire,
With ſilence onely, and a dying bed,
Thou that of late, ſo flouriſhing, ſo faire,
Did glorious liue, admir'd and honoured:
And now from friends, from ſuccour hither led,
Art made a ſpoyle to luſt, to wrath, to death,
And in diſgrace, forſt heere to yeeld thy breath.

Did Nature (ô for this) deliberate,
To ſhew in thee the glory of her beſt,
Framing thine eye the ſtar of thy ill fate,
And made thy face the foe to ſpoyle the reſt?
O Beautie, thou an enemie profeſt,
To chaſtitie, and vs that loue thee moſt, (loſt?
Without thee howe w'are loath'd, and with thee

O you that proude with libertie and beautie,
(And ô may well be proude that you be ſo,)
Glitter in Court, lou'd and obſeru'd of dutie;
O that I might to you but ere I goe
Speake what I feele, to warne you by my wo,
To keepe your feet in pure cleane paths of ſhame,
That no inticing may diuert the ſame.

See'ng how againſt your tender weaknes ſtill,
The ſtrength of wit, of gold, and all is bent,
And all th'aſſaults that euer might or skill,
Can giue againſt a chaſte and cleane intent:
Ah let not greatnes worke you to conſent.
The ſpot is foule, though by a Monarch made,
Kings cannot priuiledge a ſinne forbade,

Lock

Lock vp therefore the treasure of your loue,
Vnder the surest keyes of feare and shame:
And let no powers haue powre chaste thoughts to moue,
To make a lawlesse entrie on your fame.
Open to those the comfort of your flame,
Whose equall loue shall march with equall pace,
In those pure wayes that lead to no disgrace.

For see how many discontented beds,
Our owne aspiring, or our Parents pride
Haue caus'd, whilst that ambition vainly weds
Wealth and not loue, honour and nought beside:
Whilst married but to titles we abide
As wedded widdowes, wanting what we haue,
When shadowes cannot giue vs what we craue.

Or whilst we spend the freshest of our time,
The sweet of youth in plotting in the ayre;
Alas how oft we fall, hoping to clime,
Or wither as vnprofitably faire,
Whilst those decaies which are without repaire,
Make vs neglected, scorned and reprou'd,
(And ô what are we, if we be not lou'd?)

Fasten therefore vpon occasions fit,
Least this, or that, or like disgrace as mine,
Do ouer-take your youth to ruine it,
And cloude with infamie your beauties shine,
Seeing how many seeke to vndermine
The treasurie that's vnpossest of any,
And hard tis kept that is desir'd of many.

And

And flie, & flie, theſe Bed-brokers vncleane,
The Monſters of our ſexe, that make a pray
Of their owne kinde, by an vnkindly meane,
And euen (like Vipers) eating out a way (they
Thorow th'wombe of their owne ſhame, accurſed
Liue by the death of Fame, the gaine of ſin,
The filth of luſt vncleannes wallowes in.

O is it not enough that we, (poore we)
Haue weakenes, beautie, gold, and men our foes,
But we muſt haue ſome of our ſelues to be
Traitours vnto our ſelues, to ioyne with thoſe?
Such as our feeble forces do diſcloſe,
And ſtill betray our cauſe, our ſhame, our youth,
To luſt, to follie, and to mens vntruths

Hateſull confounders both of blood and lawes,
Vilde Orators of ſhame, that plead delight,
Vngracious agents in a wicked cauſe,
Factors for darknes, meſſengers of night,
Serpents of guile, diuels that do inuite
The wanton taſte of that forbidden tree, (we be,
Whoſe fruite once pluckt, will ſhewe howe foule

You in the habite of a graue aſpect,
(In credite by the truſt of yeeres) can ſhoe
The cunning waies of luſt, and can direct
The faire and wilie wantons how to goe,
Hauing your lothſome ſelues your youth ſpent ſo,
And in vncleannes euer haue beene fed,
By the reuenue of a wanton bed.

By

By you haue beene the innocent betrayed,
The blushing fearefull boldned vnto sin,
The wife made subtile, subtile made the maid,
The husband scorn'd, dishonoured the kin:
Parents disgrac'd, children infamous beene.
Confus'd our race, and falsified our blood,
Whilst fathers sons possesse wrong fathers good.

This, and much more I would haue vttred then,
A testament to be recorded still,
Sign'd with my blood, subscrib'd w conscience pen,
To warne the faire and beautifull from ill.
And ô I wish (by th'example of my will,)
I had not left this sinne vnto the faire,
But dyde intestate to haue had no heire.

But now, the poyson spred through all my vaines,
Gan dispossesse my liuing sences quite:
And naught respecting Death, (the last of paines,)
Plac'd his pale colours, (th'ensigne of his might,)
Vpon his new-got spoyle before his right:
Thence chac'd my soule, setting my day ere noone,
When I least thought my ioyes could end so soone.

And as conuaid t'vntimely funeralls,
My scarce cold corse not suffred longer stay,
Behold, the king (by chaunce) returning, falls
To incounter with the same vpon the way,
As hee repair'd to see his deerest ioy,
Not thinking such a meeting could haue beene,
To see his Loue, and seeing beene vnseene.

Iudge

Iudge thoſe whom chance depriues of ſweeteſt trea-
What tis to loſe a thing we hold ſo deere, (ſure,
The beſt delight wherin our ſoule takes pleaſure,
The ſweete of life, that penetrates ſo neere.
What paſſions feeles that hart enforc'd to beare,
The deepe impreſſion of ſo ſtange a ſight?
Tongue, pen, nor arte can neuer ſhew aright.

Amaz'd he ſtands, nor voice nor bodie ſtirres,
Words had no paſſage, teares no iſſue found,
For ſorrow ſhut vp words, wrath kept in teares,
Contus'd affects each other doe confound,
Oppreſs'd with griefe, his paſſions had no bound.
Striuing to tell his woes, words would not come,
For light cares ſpeak, whē mighty griefs are domb

At length, extremitie breakes out a way, (attended,
Through which th'imprisoned voyce with teares
Wailes out a ſound that ſorrowes doe bewray,
With armes a-croſſe, and eyes to heauen bended,
Vaporing out ſighs that to the skies aſcended.
Sighes (the poore eaſe calamitie affoords,)
Which ſerue for ſpeech whē ſorow wanteth words

O heauens (quoth he) why do mine eyes behold
The hatefull rayes of this vnhappie ſunne?
Why haue I light to ſee my ſinnes controld,
With blood of mine owne ſhame thus vilely done?
How can my ſight enduce to looke thereon?
Why doth not blacke eternall darknes hide,
That from mine eyes, my hart cannot abide?

What

What ſaw my life, wherein my ſoule might ioy,
What had my dayes, whom troubles ſtill afflicted,
But onely this, to counterpoize annoy?
This ioy, this hope, which death hath interdicted,
This ſweet, whoſe loſſe hath all diſtreſſe inflicted,
This, that did ſeaſon all my ſowre of life,
Vext ſtill at home with broyles, abroad in ſtrife.

Vext ſtill at home with broyles, abroad in ſtrife,
Diſſention in my blood, iarres in my bed,
Diſtruſt at boord, ſuſpecting ſtill my life,
Spending the night in horror, dayes in dread,
Such life haue tyrants, and this life I led.
Theſe miſeries go mask'd in glittering ſhowes,
Which wiſe-men ſee, the vulgar little knowes.

Thus as theſe paſſions doe him ouer-whelme,
He drawes him neere my bodie to behold it,
And as the Vine married vnto the Elme
With ſtrict imbraces, ſo doth he infold it.
And as he in his careful armes doth hold it,
Viewing the face that euen death commends,
On ſenceles lips, millions of kiſſes ſpends.

Pittifull mouth (ſaith he) that liuing gaueſt,
The ſweeteſt comfort that my ſoule could wiſh,
O be it lawfull now that dead thou haueſt,
This ſorrowing fare-well of a dying kiſſe.
And you faire eyes, containers of my bliſſe,
Motiues of loue, borne to be matched neuer,
Entomb'd in your ſweet circles ſleepe for euer,

Ala

Ah how me thinks I see Death dallying seekes,
To entertaine it selfe in loues sweete place,
Decayed Roses of discoloured cheekes,
Do yet retaine deere notes of former grace:
And vglie death sits faire within her face,
Sweet remnants resting of Vermilion red,
That Death it selfe doubts whether she be dead.

Wonder of beautie, oh receiue these plaints,
These Obsequies, the last that I shall make thee,
For loe, my soule that now alreadie faints,
That lou'd thee liuing, dead will not forsake thee,
Hastens her speedie course to ouer-take thee.
Ile meete my death, and free my selfe thereby,
For (ah) what can he do that cannot die?

Yet ere I die, thus much my soule doth vow,
Reuenge shall sweeten death with ease of mind,
And I will cause posteritie shall know,
How faire thou wert aboue all women kind,
And after ages Monuments shall find,
Shewing thy beauties title, not thy name,
Rose of the world that sweetned so the same.

This said, though more desirous yet to say,
(For sorrow is vnwilling to giue ouer,)
He doth represse what griefe would else bewray,
Least he too much his passions should discouer;
And yet respect scarce bridles such a Louer
So farre transported that he knew not whether,
For Loue and Maiestie dwell ill together.

Then

Then were my funeralls not long deferred,
But done with all the rites pompe could deuiſe,
At *Godſtow*, where my bodie was interred,
And richly tomb'd in honourable wiſe,
Where yet as now ſcarce any note deſcries,
Vnto theſe times the memorie of mee,
Marble and Braſſe ſo little laſting bee.

For thoſe walls which the credulous deuour,
And apt beleeuing ignorant did found,
With willing zeale, that neuer call'd in doubt,
That time their works ſhould euer ſo confound,
Lie like confuſed heapes as vnder-ground.
And what their ignorance eſteem'd ſo holy,
The wiſer ages do account as folly.

And were it not thy fauourable lynes,
Re-edified the wracke of my decayes,
And that thy accents willingly aſſignes,
Some farther date, and giue me longer dayes,
Few in this age had knowne my beauties praiſe.
But thus renew'd, my fame redeemes ſome time,
Till other ages ſhall neglect thy rime.

Then when confuſion in her courſe ſhall bring,
Sad deſolation on the times to come:
When mirthles Thames ſhal haue no ſwan to ſing,
All Muſique ſilent, and the Muſes dombe,
And yet euen then it muſt be knowne to ſome,
That once they flouriſht, though not cheriſht ſo,
And Thames had ſwannes as well as euer Po.

But

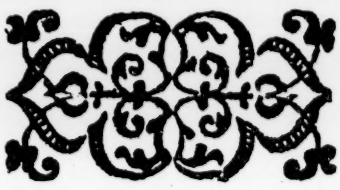
But heere an end, I may no longer ſtay thee,
I muſt returne t'attend at *Stygian* flood,
Yet ere I goe, this one worde more I pray thee,
Tell DELIA now her ſigh may do mee good,
And will her note the frailtie of our blood,
And if I paſse vnto thoſe holy banks,
Thē ſhe muſt haue her praiſe, thy pen her thanks.

So vaniſht ſhee, and left me to returne,
To proſecute the tenor of my woes:
Eternall matter for my Muſe to mourne,
But (ah) the world hath heard too much of thoſe,
My youth ſuch errors muſt no more diſcloſe.
Ile hide the reſt, and grieue for what hath beene,
Who made me known, muſt make me liue vnſeen.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF Cleopatra.

Aetas prima canat veneres, postrema tumultus.



AT LONDON
Printed by *Peter Short*, for
Simon Waterson.
1598.

To the Right Honourable, the Ladie *Marie*, Counteſſe of *Pembrooke*.

LOe here the worke the which ſhe did impoſe,
Who onely doth predominate my Muſe:
The ſtar of wonder, which my labors choſe
To guide their way in all the courſe I vſe,
She, whoſe cleere brightnes doth alone infuſe
Stength to my thoughts, and makes me what I am,
Call'd vp my ſpirits from out their low repoſe,
To ſing of ſtate, and tragick notes to frame.

I, who contented with an humble ſong,
Made Muſicke to my ſelfe that pleas'd me beſt,
And onely told of DELIA, and her wrong,
And prais'd her eyes and plain'd mine owne vnreſt,
A text from whence my Muſe had not digreſt,
Madam, had not thy well grac'd *Anthonie*,
Who all alone hauing remained long,
Requir'd his *Cleopatras* companie.

Who if ſhe here do ſo appeare in act, (her,
That for his Queene and Loue he ſcarce will knowe
Finding how much ſhe of her ſelfe hath lackt,
And miſt that glorie wherein I ſhould ſhew her,
In Maieſtie debas'd in courage lower,
Yet lightning thou by thy ſweet fauouring eyes,
My darke defects which from her ſp'rit deract,
He yet may geſſe it's ſhee, which will ſuffiſe,

And I hereafter in another kinde,
More fitting to the nature of my vaine,
May (peraduenture) better pleaſe thy minde,
And higher notes in ſweeter Muſicke ſtraine,
Seeing that thou ſo graciouſly dooſt daine,
To countenance my ſong and cherriſh mee.
I muſt ſo worke poſteritie may finde,
How much I did contend to honour thee.

Now when ſo many pennes like ſpeares are charg'd,
To chace away this tyrant of the North,
Groſſe *Barbariſme*, whoſe powre growne far inlarg'd,
Was lately by thy valiant Brothers worth,
Firſt found, encountred, and prouoked forth:
Whoſe onſet made the reſt audacious,
Whereby they likewiſe haue, ſo well diſcharg'd,
Vpon that hidious Beaſt incroching thus.

And now muſt I with that poore ſtrength I haue,
Reſiſt ſo foule a foe in what I may,
And arme againſt obliuion and the graue,
That elſe in darknes carries all away,
And makes of all our honours but a pray.
So that if by my penne procure I ſhall
But to defend mee, and my name to ſaue,
Then though I die, I cannot yet die all.

But ſtill the better part of mee will liue,
Deckt and adorned with thy ſacred name,
Although thy ſelfe dooſt farre more glorie giue

Vnto

Vnto thy ſelfe, then I can by the ſame.
Who dooſt with thine owne hand a bulwark frame
Againſt theſe Monſters, enemies of honour,
Which euer-more ſhall ſo defend thy fame,
That Time, nor they, ſhall neuer pray vpon her.

Thoſe Hymnes that thou dooſt cõſecrate to heauen,
Which Iſraels ſinger to his God did frame:
Vnto thy voyce eternitie hath giuen,
And makes thee deer to him frõ whence they came.
In them muſt reſt thy euer reuerent name,
So long as *Sions* God remaineth honoured,
And till confuſion hath all zeale bereauen,
And murthered faith, and Temples ruined.

By this, (great Ladie) thou maiſt well be knowne,
When *Vilton* lies low leueld with the ground:
And this is that which thou maiſt call thine owne,
Which ſacrilegious time cannot confound,
Here thou ſuruiu'ſt thy ſelfe, here thou art found
Of late ſucceeding ages, freſh in fame:
This Monument cannot be ouer-throwne,
Where, in eternall braſſe remaines thy Name.

O that the Ocean did not bound our ſtile
Within theſe ſtrict and narrow limmits ſo:
But that the melodie of our ſweete Ile,
Might now be heard to *Tyber*, *Arne*, and *Po*,
That they might know how far *Thames* doth oũtgo
The Muſicke of declined Italie:

And liſtning to our ſongs another while,
Might learne of thee, their notes to purifie.

O why may not ſome after-cõming hand,
Vnlocke theſe limits, open our confines:
And breake a-under this impriſoning band,
T'inlarge our ſpirits, and publiſh our diſſeignes,
Planting our Roſes in the *Apenines*,
And to teach to *Rhene*, to *Loyre*, and *Rhodanus*,
Our accents, and the wonders of our Land,
That they might all admire and honour vs.

Whereby great *Sydney*, and our *Spencer* might,
With thoſe Po-ſingers being equalled,
Enchaunt the world with ſuch a ſweet delight,
That their eternall ſongs for euer red,
May ſhew what great ELIZA s raigne hath bred.
What muſicke in the kingdome of her peace,
Hath now beene made to her, and by her might,
Whereby her glorious fame ſhall neuer ceaſe.

But if that Fortune doth denie vs this,
The *Neptune*, locke vp with thy Ocean key,
This treaſure to our ſelues, and let them miſſe
Of ſo ſweet riches: as vnworthy they
To taſte the great delights that we inioy.
And let our harmonie ſo pleaſing growne,
Content our ſelues, whoſe errour euer is,
Strange note to like, and diſeſteeme our owne.

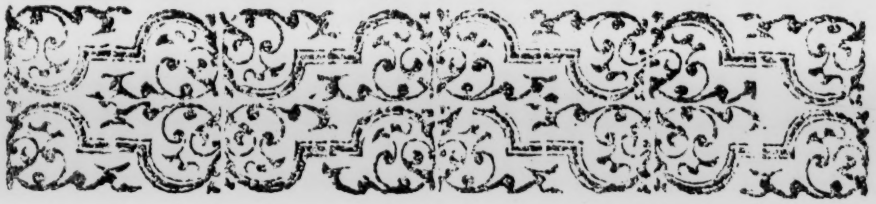
But, whither do my vowes transport me now,
Without the compasse of my course inioynd?
Alas, what honour can a voyce so low
As this of mine, expect heereby to find?
But, Madam, this doth animate my mind,
That fauoured by the worthies of our Land,
My lines are lik'd, the which may make me grow,
In time to take a greater taske in hand,

The Argument.

AFter the death of Antonius, Cleopatra (liuing ſtill in the Monument ſhee had cauſed to bee built,) could not by any meanes bee drawne forth, although Octauius Cæſar verie earneſtly laboured it, and ſent Proculeius to vſe all diligence to bring her vnto him: for that he thought it would be a great ornament to his Triumphes, to get her aliue to Rome. But neuer would ſhee put her ſelfe into the hands of Proculeius, although on a time he found the meanes, (by a windowe that was at the top of the Monnument) to come downe vnto her: where hee perſwaded her all hee might, to yeeld her ſelfe to Cæſars mercie. VVhich ſhe (to bee rid of him) cunningly ſeemed to graunt vnto. After that, Octauius in perſon went to viſite her, to whom ſhe excuſed her offence, laying all the fault vpon the greatneſſe, and feare ſhe had of Anthonius, and withall ſeemed verie tractable and willing to bee diſpoſed of by him. Whereupon, Octauius thinking himſelfe ſure, reſolued preſently to ſende her away to Rome. VVhereof Dolabella a fauorite of Cæſars, and one that was growne into ſome good liking of her, hauing certified her, ſhee makes her humble petition to Cæſar, that hee would ſuffer her to ſacrifice to the ghoſt of Antonius, which being graunted her, ſhee was brought vnto his Sepulcher, where after her rites performed, ſhee returned to the Monument, and there dined with great magnificence. And in dinner time, came there one in the habite of a Countryman, with a baskes of figges vnto her, who vnſuſpected, was ſuffered

fered to carrie them in. And in that basket (among the figs) where conuaide the Aspicks wherewith she did her self to death. Dinner being ended she dispatched letters to Cæsar, containing great lamentations: with an earnest supplication, that she might be intombed with Antonius. *Vvhervpon* Cæsar *knowing what shee intended, sent presently with all speed, messengers to haue preuented her death, which notwithstanding before they came was dispatched.*

Celario *her sonne, which shee had by* Iulius Cæsar, *(conuaied before vnto India, out of the daunger of the warres,) was about the same time of her death, murthered at* Rhodes, *trained thither by the falshood of his Tutor, corrupted by* Cæsar. *And so hereby came the race of the* Ptolomies *to be wholy extinct, and the flourishing rich kingdome of Egypt, vtterly ouerthrowne and subdued.*



The Scæne ſuppoſed
Alexandria.

THE ACTORS.

Cleopatra. *Octavius Cæſar.*
Proculeius. *Dolabella.*
Titius, ſervant to *Dolabella.*
Arius
Philoſtratus. } two Philoſophers.
Seleucus, Secretarie to *Cleopatra.*
Rodon, Tutor to *Cæſario.*
Nuntius.
The *Chorus* all Egyptians.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

CLEOPATRA.

YET doe I liue, and yet doth breath poſſeſſe
This hateſull priſon of a loathſome ſoule:
Can no calamitie, nor no diſtreſſe
Breake hart and all, and end a life ſo foule?
Can *Cleopatra* liue, and with theſe eyes
Behold the deereſt of her life bereft her?
Ah can ſhe entertaine the leaſt ſurmiſe
Of any hope, that hath but horror left her?
Why ſhould I linger longer griefes to trie?
Theſe eies that ſaw what honor earth could giue me
Doe now behold the worſt of miſerie:
The greateſt wrack whereto Fortune could driue me.
He on whoſe ſhoulders all my reſt relyde,
On whom the burthen of m'ambition lay:
The *Atlas* and the Champion of my pride,
That did the world of my whole fortune ſway;
Lies falne, confounded, dead in ſhame and dolors,
Following th'vnluckie partie of my loue,
Th'Enſigne of mine eies, th'vnhappie colours,
That him to miſchiefe, me to ruine droue.
And now the modell made of miſerie,
Scorne to the world, borne but for Fortunes foile,
My luſts haue fram'd a tombe for me to lie,
Euen in the aſhes of my Countries ſpoile.
Ah, who would thinke that I were ſhe who late,

Clad

Clad with the glory of the worlds chiefe riches,
Admir'd of all the earth, and wondred at,
Glittring in pompe that hart and eye bewitches,
Should thus distress'd cast down frõ of that height,
Leueld with low disgrac'd calamitie,
Vnder the weight of such affliction sigh,
Reduc'd vnto th'extreamest miserie.
Am I the woman, whose inuentiue pride,
(Adorn'd like *Isis*) scornd mortalitie?
Ist I that left my sence so without guide,
That flatterie would not let him know twas *I*?
Ah, now I see, they scarce tell truth, that praise vs,
Crownes are beguild, prosperitie betraies vs.
What is become of all that stately traine,
Those troopes that woont attend prosperitie?
See what is left, what number doth remaine,
A tombe, two maides, and miserable I,
And *I* t'adorne their triumphes, am reseru'd
A captiue kept to beautifie their spoyles,
Whom *Cæsar* labours, so to haue preseru'd,
And seekes to entertaine my life with wiles.
No *Cæsar* no, it is not thou canst do it,
Promise, flatter, threaten extremitie.
Imploy thy wits, and all thy force vnto it,
I haue both hands, and will, and I can die,
Though thou of Country, kingdom, & my Crowne,
Though thou of all my glorie doost bereaue mee,
Though thou hast all mine Egypt as thine owne,
Yet hast thou left me that which will deceiue thee,
That courage with my blood and birth innated,

Admir'd

Admir'd of all the earth, as thou art now:
Can not by threats be vulgarly abated,
To be thy ſlaue, that rul'd as good as thou.
Conſider *Cæſar* that I am a Queene,
And ſcorne the baſeneſſe of a ſeruile thought,
The world and thou, doſt know what I haue beene,
And neuer thinke I can be ſo low brought,
That Rome ſhould ſee my ſcepter-bearing hands
Behind me bound, and glory in my teares.
That I ſhould paſſe whereas *Octauia* ſtands
To view my miſerie, that purchaſt hers.
No, I diſdaine that head that wore a Crowne,
Should ſtoope to take vp that which others giue;
I muſt not be vnleſſe I be mine owne.
Tis ſweet to die when we are forft to liue.
Nor had I troubled now the world thus long,
And beene indebted for this little breath,
But that I feare *Cæſar* would offer wrong
To my diſtreſſed ſeed after my death.
Tis that which doth my deareſt blood controule,
Tis that (alas) detaines me from my Tombe,
Whilſt Nature brings to contradict my ſoule,
The argument of mine vnhappie wombe.
O luckleſſe iſſue of a wofull mother,
Th'vngodly pledges of a wanton bed;
You Kings deſign'd, muſt now be ſlaues to other,
Or elſe not be (I feare) when I am dead.
It is for you I temporiſe with *Cæſar*,
And liue this while for to procure your ſafetie.
For you I faine content and ſooth his pleaſure,

Calamitie

Calamitie herein hath made me craftie.
But tis not long, Ile see what may be done,
And come what will, this stands, I must die free.
Ile be my selfe, my thoughts do rest thereon,
Blood, children, nature, all must pardon mee.
My soule yeelds honour vp the victorie,
And I must be a Queene, forget a mother:
Yet mother would I be, were I not I,
And Queene would I not now be, were I other.
But what know I, if th'heauens haue decreed,
And that the sinnes of Egypt haue deseru'd,
The *Ptolomeyes* should faile, and none succeed,
And that my weaknes was thereto reseru'd,
That I should bring confusion to my state,
And fill the measure of iniquitie:
Licentiousnes in mee should end her date,
Begun in ill-dispensed libertie.
If so it be, and that my heedles waies,
Haue this so great a desolation rais'd,
Yet let a glorious end conclude my dayes,
Though life were bad, my death may yet be prais'd.
That I may write in letters of my blood,
A fit memoriall for the times to come:
To be example to such princes good
That please themselues, and care not what become.
And *Anthonie*, because the world doth know,
That my misfortune hath procured thine,
And my improuidence brought thee so low,
To lose thy glorie, and to ruine mine:
By grapling in the Ocean of our pride,

To

To sinke each others greatnes both togither,
Both equall shipwracke of our states t'abide,
And like destruction to procure to either:
If I should now (our common fault) suruiue,
Then all the world must hate me if I doe it,
Sith both our errors did occasion giue,
And both our faults haue brought vs both vnto it.
I being first inamour'd with thy greatnes,
Thou with my vanitie bewitched wholy:
And both betraid with th'out ward pleiant sweetnes,
The one ambition spoyld, the other folly.
For which, thou hast alreadie duly paid,
The statute of thy errors deerest forfeit:
Whereby thy gotten credite was decaid,
Procur'd thee by thy wanton deadly surfeit.
And next is my turne, now to sacrifize
To death, and thee, the life that doth reproue mee,
Our like distresse I feele doth sympathize,
And euen affliction makes me truly loue thee.
Which *Anthonie*, (I must confesse my fault,)
I neuer did sincerely vntill now;
Now I protest I doe, now am I taught,
In death to loue, in life that knew not how.
For whilst my glory in that greatnes stood,
And that I saw my state, and knew my beautie,
Saw how the world admir'd mee, how they woode,
I then thought all men, must loue me of dutie,
And I loue none: for my lasciuious Court,
(Fertile in euer-fresh and new-choyce pleasure,)
Affoorded me so bountifull disporr,

That

That I to thinke on loue had neuer leyſure.
My vagabond deſires no limits found,
For luſt is endles, pleaſure hath no bound.
Thou, comming from the ſtrictnes of thy Cittie,
The wanton pompe of Courts yet neuer learnedſt:
Inur'd to warres, in womans wiles vnwittie,
Whilſt others fain'd, thou fell'ſt to loue in earneſt.
Not knowing women like them beſt that houer,
And make leaſt reckoning of a doting louer.
And yet thou cam'ſt but in my beauties waine,
When new appearing wrinckles of declining,
Wrought with the hand of yeers, ſeem'd to detaine
My graces light, as now but dimly ſhining.
Euen in the confines of mine age, when I
Failing of what I was, and was but thus:
When ſuch as we do deeme in iealouſie,
That men loue for themſelues, and not for vs.
Then, and but thus, thou didſt loue moſt ſincerely,
O *Anthony*, that beſt deſeru'dſt it better.
This Autumne of my beauty bought ſo dearely,
For which in more then death I ſtand thy debter.
Which I will pay thee with moſt faithfull zeale,
And that ere long, no *Cæſar* ſhall detaine me,
My death, my loue, and courage ſhall reueale,
The which is all the world hath left t'vnſtaine me.
And to the end I may deceiue beſt, *Cæſar*,
Who doth ſo eagerly my life importune,
I muſt preuaile me of this little leiſure,
Seeming to ſute my mind vnto my fortune,
Whereby I may the better me prouide,

Of what my death and honour best ſhall fit:
A ſeeming baſe content, muſt warie hide
My laſt diſſeigne, till I accompliſhit,
That hereby yet the world ſhall ſee that I,
Although vnwiſe to liue, had wit to die.

Exit.

CHORVS.

BEhold what Furies ſtill
Torment their tortur'd breſt,
Who by their doing ill,
Haue wrought the worlds vnreſt.
Which when being moſt diſtreſt,
Yet more to vexe their ſp'rit.
The hideous face of ſinne,
(In formes they moſt deteſt)
Stands euer in their ſight.
Their conſcience ſtill within,
Th'eternall larum is,
That euer-barking dog that calls vppon their miſſe.

No meanes at all to hide
Man from himſelfe can finde:
No way to ſtart aſide
Out from the hell of mind.
But in himſelfe confin'd,
He ſtill ſees ſinne before:
And winged-footed paine,
That ſwiftly comes behind,
The which is euermore,

The,

The ſure and certaine gaine
Impietie doth get,
And wanton looſe reſpect, that doth it ſelfe forget.

And CLEOPATRA now,
Well ſees the dangerous way,
Shee tooke, and car'd not how,
Which led her to decay.
And likewiſe makes vs pay
For her diſordred luſt,
Th'intereſt of our blood:
Or line a ſeruile pray,
Vnder a hand vniuſt,
As others ſhall thinke good.
This hath her riot wonne,
And thus ſhe hath her ſtate, herſelfe and vs vndone.

Now euerie mouth can tell,
What cloſe was muttered:
How that ſhe did not well,
To take the courſe ſhe did.
For now is nothing hid,
Of what feare did reſtraine,
No ſecrete cloſely done,
But now is vttered.
The text is made moſt plaine
That flattry glos'd vpon,
The bed of ſinne reueal'd,
And all the luxurie that ſhame would haue conceal'd.

The ſcene is broken downe,
And all vncou'red lies,
The purple Actors knowne
Scarce men, whom men deſpiſe.
The complots of the wiſe,
Proue imperfections ſmoake:
And all that wonder gaue
To pleaſure gazing eyes,
Lies ſcattered, daſht, all broke.
Thus much beguiled haue
Poore vnconſiderate wights,
Theſe momentarie pleaſures, fugitiue delights.

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

CAESAR. PROCVLEIVS.

KIngdoms I ſee we win, we conquere Climates,
Yet cannot vanquiſh harts, nor force obedience,
Affections kept in cloſe-concealed limits,
Stand farre without the reach of ſword or violence.
Who forc'd do pay vs dutie, pay not loue:
Free is the hart, the temple of the minde,
The Sanctuarie ſacred from aboue,
Where nature keepes the keyes that looſe and bind.
No mortall hand force open can that doore,
So cloſe ſhut vp, and lockt to all mankind:
I ſee mens bodies onely ours, no more,
The reſt anothers right, that rules the minde.
Behold, my forces vanquiſht haue this Land,
Subdu'd that ſtrong Competitor of mine;

All

All Egypt to my all-conquering hand,
And all their treasure and themselues resigne.
Onely this Queene, that hath lost all this all,
To whom is nothing left except a mind:
Cannot into a thought of yeelding fall,
To be dispos'd as chance hath her assign'd.
But *Proculei*, what hope doth she now giue,
Will she be brought to condiscend to liue?

Proc. My Lord, what time being sent from you to try,
To win her forth aliue, (if that I might)
From out the Monument, where wofully
Shee liues inclos'd in most afflicted plight;
No way I found, no meanes how to supprize her,
But through a grate at th'entry of the place,
Standing to treat, I labour'd to aduise her,
To come to *Cæsar*, and to sue for grace.
She said, she crau'd not life, but leaue to die,
Yet for her children, pray'd they might inherite,
That *Cæsar* would vouchsafe (in clemency,)
To pitty them, though she deseru'd no merite.
So leauing her for then; and since of late,
With *Gallus* sent to try another time,
The whilst he entertaines her at the grate,
I found the meanes vp to the Tombe to climbe.
Where in descending in the closest wise,
And silent maner as I could contriue:
Her woman me descri'd, and out she cries,
Poore *Cleopatra*, thou art tane aliue.
With that ỹ Queen raught frõ her side her knife,
And euen in act to stab her martred brest,

I step with speed, and held, and sau'd her life,
And forth her trembling hãd the blade did wrest
Ah *Cleopatra*, why shouldst thou, (said I,)
Both iniury thy selfe and *Cæsar* so?
Bar him the honour of his victory,
Who euer deales most mildly with his foe?
Liue and relie on him, whose mercie will
To thy submission alwayes readie be.
With that (as all amaz'd) she held her still,
Twixt maiestie confuz'd and miserie.
Her proud grieu'd eies, held sorrow and disdaine,
State and distresse warring within her soule:
Dying ambition dispossest her raigne,
So base affliction seemed to controule.
Like as a burning Lampe, whose liquor spent
With intermitted flames, when dead you deem it
Sends forth a dying flash, as discontent,
That so the matter failes that should redeeme it.
So she (in spight) to see her low-brought state,
(whẽ al her hopes were now cõsum'd to nought)
Scornes yet to make an abiect league with Fate,
Or once discend into a seruile thought.
Th'imperious tongue vnused to beseech,
Authoritie confounds with prayers, so
Words of cõmand conioin'd with humble speech
Shew'd she would liue, yet scorn'd to pray her foe
Ah, what hath *Cæsar* heere to doe, said she,
In confines of the dead in darknes liuing?
Will he not grant our sepulchers be free,
But violate the priuiledge of dying?

What

What, must he ſtretch forth his ambitious hand,
Into the right of Death, and force vs heere?
Hath miſerie no couert where to ſtand
Free from the ſtorme of pride, iſt ſafe no where?
Cannot my land, my gold, my Crowne ſuffiſe,
And all that I held deere, to him made common,
But that he muſt in this ſort tyrannize,
Th'afflicted bodie of a wofull woman:
Tell him, my frailtie, and the Gods haue giuen,
Sufficient glorie, if he could content him:
And let him now with his deſires make euen,
And leaue me to this horror, to lamenting.
Now he hath taken all away from mee,
What muſt he take me from my ſelfe by force?
Ah, let him yet (in mercie) leaue me free
The kingdome of this poore diſtreſſed corſe.
No other crowne I ſeeke, no other good,
Yet with that *Cæſar* would vouchſafe this grace,
To fauour the poore of-ſpring of my blood.
Confuſed iſſue, yet of Roman race.
If blood and name be linkes of loue in Princes,
Not ſpurres of hate, my poore *Cæſario* may
Find fauour notwithſtanding mine offences,
And *Cæſars* blood may *Cæſars* raging ſtay.
But if that with the torrent of my fall,
All muſt be rapt with furious violence,
And no reſpect, nor no regard at all,
Can ought with nature or with blood diſpence:
Then be it ſo, if needes it muſt be ſo.
There ſtayes and ſhrinkes in horror of her ſtate,

When

When [illegible] woe,
And thy great mercies vnto her relate;
Wiſhing her not diſpaire, but rather come
And ſue for grace, and ſhake off all vaine feares:
No doubt ſhe ſhould obtaine as gentle doome
As ſhe deſir'd, both for her ſelfe and hers,
And ſo with much a-doe, (well pacifide
Seeming to be,) ſhe ſhew'd content to liue,
Saying ſhe was reſolu'd thy doome t'abide,
And to accept what fauour thou wouldſt giue.
And here-withall, crau'd alſo that ſhe might
Performe her laſt rites to her loſt belou'd;
To ſacrifize to him that wrought her plight:
And that ſhe might not be by force remou'd.
I graunting from thy part this her requeſt,
Left her for then, ſeeming in better reſt.

Cæſ. But dooſt thou thinke ſhe will remaine ſo ſtill?
Pro. I thinke, and doe aſſure my ſelfe ſhe will.
Cæſ. Ah, priuate men ſound not the harts of Princes,
Whoſe actions oft beare contrarie pretences.
Pro. Why, tis her ſafetie for to yeeld to thee.
Cæſ. But tis more honour for her to die free.
Pro. She may thereby procure her childrens good.
Cæſ. Princes reſpect their honour more then blood.
Pro. Can Princes powre diſpence with nature than?
Cæſ. To be a Prince, is more then be a man.
Pro. There's none but haue in time periwaded been.
Cæſ. And ſo might ſhe too, were ſhe not a Queene.
Pro. Diuerſe reſpects will force her be reclam'd.
Cæſ. Princes (like Lions) neuer will be tam'd.

A pri-

A priuate man ma, care not how
But greater hearts will breake before they bow.
And sure I thinke sh'will neuer condiscend,
To liue to grace our spoyles with her disgrace:
But yet let still a warie watch attend,
To guard her person, and to watch the place.
And looke that none with her come to confer:
Shortly my selfe will goe to visite her.

CHORVS.

OPINION, *how dooſt thou moleſt*
Th'affected mind of reſtleſſe man?
Who following thee, neuer can
Nor euer ſhall attaine to reſt.
Forgetting what thou ſaiſt is beſt,
Yet loe, that beſt hee findes farre wide
Of what thou promiſedſt before:
For in the ſame he look't for more,
Which proues but ſmall when once t'is tride.
Then ſomething elſe thou findſt beſide,
To draw him ſtill from thought to thought:
When in the end all proues but noughs.
Farther from reſt he findes him than,
Then at the firſt when he began.

O mal content ſeducing gueſt,
Contriuer of our greateſt woes:
Which borne of winde, and fed with ſhoes,
Dooſt nurſe thy ſelfe in thine vnreſt:
Iudging vngotten things the beſt,

O,

Or w. . a, : ign'ſt.
And all things in the world dooſt deeme,
Not as they are, but as they ſeeme:
Which ſhewes, their ſtate thou ill defin'ſt
And liu'ſt to come, in preſent pin'ſt.
For what thou haſt, thou ſtill dooſt lacke:
O mindes tormentor, bodies wracke,
Vaine promiſer of that ſweet reſt,
Which neuer any yet poſſeſt.

If we vnto ambition tende,
Then dooſt thou draw our weakenes on,
With vaine imagination
Of that which neuer hath an end.
Or if that luſt we apprehend,
How doth that pleaſant plague infeſt?
O what ſtrange formes of luxurie,
Thou ſtraight dooſt caſt t'intice vs by?
And tell'ſt vs that is euer beſt,
Which we haue neuer yet poſſeſt.
And that more pleaſure reſts beſide,
In ſomething that we haue not tride
And when the ſame likewiſe is had,
Then all is one, and all is bad.

This Anthonie can ſay is true,
And Cleopatra knowes tis ſo,
By th' experience of their woe.
Shee can ſay, ſhe neuer knew
But that luſt found pleaſures new.

And was neuer ſatisfi'd,
Hee can ſay by proofe of truth,
Ambition is a Vulture vile,
That feedes vpon the harts of pride:
And findes no reſt when all is tride.
For worlds cannot confine the one,
Th'other, liſts and bounds hath none.
And both ſubuert the minde, the ſtate,
Procure deſtruction, enuie, hate,

And now when all this is prou'd vaine,
Yet Opinion *leaues not heere,*
But ſticks to Cleopatra *neere.*
Perſwading now, how ſhe ſhall gaine
Honour by death, and fame attaine,
And what a ſhame it were to liue,
Her kingdome loſt, her Louer dead.
And ſo with this perſwaſion led,
Diſpaire doth ſuch a courage giue,
That naught elſe can her mind reliue.
Nor yet diuert her from that thought
To this concluſion all is brought.
This is that reſt this vaine world lends,
To end in death that all things ends.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Philoſtratus. *Arius.*

HOW deeply Arius am I bound to thee,
That ſau'ſt frō death this wretched life of mine?

Obtaining

Obtaining *Cesars* ge[illegible] for me?
When I of all helps elſe vnpair'd but thine?
Although I ſee in ſuch a woefull ſtate,
Life is not that which ſhould be much deſir'd
Sith all our glories come to end their date,
Our countries honour and our owne expir'd,
Now that the hand of wrath hath ouer-gone vs,
Liuing (as't were in th'armes of our dead mother,)
With blood vnder our feete, ruine vpon vs,
And in a land moſt wretched of all other,
When yet we reckon life our deereſt good,
And ſo we liue, we care not how we liue:
So deepe we feele impreſſed in our blood,
That touch which nature with our breath did giue,
And yet what blaſts of words hath learning found,
To blow againſt the feare of death and dying?
What comforts vnſicke Eloquence can ſound,
And yet all fayles vs in the poynt of trying.
For whilſt we reaſon with the breath of faſetie,
Without the compaſſe of deſtruction liuing:
What precepts ſhew we then, what courage ioſtly
In taxing others feares in counſell giuing?
When all this ayre of ſweet-contriued words,
Proues but weake armour to defend the hart.
For when this life, pale feare and terror boords,
Where are our precepts then, where is our arte?
O who is he that from himſelfe can turne,
That beares about the bodie of a man?
Who doth not toyle and labour to adiourne
The day of death, by any meanes he can?

All this I ſpeake to[illegible] my ſelfe t'excuſe,
For my baſe begging [illegible] a ſeruile breath,
Wherein I graunt my ſelfe I much abuſe
So ſhamefully to ſeeke t'auoyd my death.
Arius. Philoſtratus, that ſelfe ſame care to liue,
Poſſeſſeth all alike, and grieue not then
Nature dooth vs no more then others giue:
Though we ſpeak more thē men, we are but men.
And yet (in truth) theſe miſeries to ſee,
Wherein we ſtand in moſt extreame diſtreſſe,
Might to our ſelues ſufficient motiues be
To loath this life, and weigh our death the leſſe.
For neuer any age hath better taught,
What feeble footing pride and greatnes hath;
How improuident proſperitie is caught,
And cleane confounded in the day of wrath.
See how diſmaid Confuſion keepes thoſe ſtreets,
That nought but mirth & Muſick late reſounded
How nothing with our eye but horror meetes,
Our ſtate, our wealth, our pride & all cōfounded:
Yet what weake ſight did not diſcerne from far
This blacke-ariſing tempeſt, all confounding?
Who did not ſee we ſhould be what we are,
When pride and riot grew to ſuch abounding:
When diſſolute impietie poſſeſt
The vnreſpectiue mindes of ſuch a people:
When inſolent Securitie found reſt
In wanton thoughts, with luſt & eaſe made feeble
Then when vnwarie peace with fat-fed pleaſure,
New-freſh inuented ryots ſtill detected,

Purchas'd

Purchas'd with alk[illegible]es rich treasure,
Our lawes, our Gods, our m[illegible]eries neglected.
Who saw not how this confluence of vice,
This inundation of disorders, must
At length of force pay backe the bloodie price
Of sad destruction (a reward for lust.)
O thou and I haue heard, and read, and know[illegible]
Of like proud states, as wofully incombred,
And fram'd by them, examples for our owne:
Which now among examples must be numbred.
For this decree a law from high is giuen,
An ancient Canon, of eternall date,
In Consistorie of the starres of heauen,
Entred the booke of vnauoyded Fate;
That no state can in height of happines,
In th'exaltation of their glorie stand;
But thither once arriu'd, declining lesse,
Ruine themselues, or fall by others hand.
Thus doth the euer-changing course of things,
Runne a perpetuall circle, euer turning:
And that same day that highest glory brings,
Brings vs vnto the poynt of back returning.
For senceles sensualitie, doth euer
Accompanie felicitie and greatnes:
A fatall witch, whose charmes do leaue vs neuer,
Till we leaue all in sorrow for our sweetnes;
When yet our selues must be the cause we fall,
Although the same be first decreed on hie:
Our errors still must beare the blame of all,
This must it be, earth aske not heauen why.

Yet mightie [illegible]lous hand,
Striue to cut off [illegible]ftaries of feare:
All whatsoeuer seemes but to withstand
Their least conceit of quiet, held so deere;
And so intrench themselues w blood, with crimes
With all iniustice as their feares dispose:
Yet for all this we see, how oftentimes
The means they worke to keep, are means to lose
And sure I cannot see, how this can stand
With great *Augustus* fatetie and his honour,
To cut off all succession from our land,
For her offence that puld the warrs vpon her.
Phi. Why must her issue pay the price of that?
Ari. The price is life that they are rated at.
Phi. *Cæsario* to, issued of *Cæsars* blood?
Ari. Pluralitie of *Cæsars* are not good.
Phi. Alas what hurt procures his feeble arme?
Ari. Not for it doth, but that it may do harme.
Phi. Then when it offers hurt, represse the same,
Ari. Tis best to quench a sparke before it flame.
Phi. Tis inhumane, an innocent to kill.
Ari. Such innocents sildom remaine so still.
And sure his death may best procure our peace,
Competitors the subiect deerly buies:
And so that our affliction may surcease,
Let great men be the peoples sacrifice.
But see where *Cæsar* comes himselfe, to trie
And worke the minde of our distressed Queene,
To apprehend some falsed hope: whereby
She might be drawne to haue her fortune seene.

but

But yet I thinke, Rome will not ſee that face
(That quel her chãpions) bluſh in baſe diſgrace.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Cæſar, Cleopatra, Seleucus, Dolabella.

Cæſ. WHat *Cleopatra*, dooſt thou doubt ſo much
Of *Cæſars* mercy, that thou hid'ſt thy face?
Or dooſt thou thinke, thy offences can be ſuch,
That they ſurmount the meaſure of our grace?
Cleo. O *Cæſar*, not for that I flie thy ſight
My ſoule this ſad retire of ſorrow choſe:
But that my oppreſſed thoughts abhorring light,
Like beſt in darknes, my diſgrace t'incloſe.
And here to theſe cloſe limits of diſpaire,
This ſolitary horror where I bide:
Cæſar, I thought no Roman ſhould repaire
More after him, who heere oppreſſed dyde.
Yet now, here at thy conquering feete I lie,
Poore captiue ſoule, that neuer thought to bow:
Whoſe happy foote of rule and maieſtie,
Stood late on ỳ ſame ground thou ſtandeſt now.
Cæſ. Riſe Queene, none but thy ſelfe is cauſe of all.
And yet, would all were but thine owne alone:
That others ruine had not with thy fall
Brought Rome her ſorows, to my triumphs mone
For breaking off the league of loue and blood,
Thou mak'ſt my winning ioy a gaine vnpleaſing
Sith th'eye of griefe muſt looke into our good,

Thorow the horror of our owne blood-ſhedding
And all, we muſt attribute vnto thee.
Cleo. To me? *Cæſar*, what ſhould a woman doe
Oppreſt with greatnes? What was it for mee
To contradict my Lord, being bent thereto?
I was by loue, by feare, by weakenes made
An inſtrument to ſuch diſſeignes as theſe,
For when the Lord of all the Orient bade,
Who but obeyd? who was not glad to pleaſe?
And how could I withdraw my ſuccouring hand
From him that had my heart, or what was mine;
Th'intreſt of my faith in ſtraighteſt band,
My loue to his moſt firmely did combine.
Cæſ. Loue? alas no, it was th'innated hatred
That thou and thine haſt euer borne our people,
That made thee ſeek al means to haue vs ſcattred
To diſvnite our ſtrength, and make vs feeble.
And therefore did that breſt nurſe our diſſention
With hope t'exalt thy ſelfe, t'augment thy ſtate:
To pray vpon the wrack of our contention,
And (with the reſt our foes) to ioy thereat.
Cleo. O *Cæſar*, ſee how eaſie tis t'accuſe
Whom fortune hath made faultie by their fall,
The wretched conquered may not refuſe
The titles of reproch he's charg'd withall.
The conquering cauſe hath right, wherin ỹ art,
The vanquiſht, ſtill is iudg'd the worſer part.
Which part is mine, becauſe I loſt my part,
No leſſer then the portion of a crowne.
Enough for me, alas what needed arte

To gaine by others, but to keepe mine owne?
But here let weaker powres note what it is,
To neighbour great Competitors too neere,
If we take part, we oft do periſh thus,
If neutrall bide, both parties we muſt feare.
Alas what ſhall the forſt partakers doe,
Whē following none, yet muſt they periſh too?
But *Cæſar*, ſith thy right and cauſe is ſuch,
Be not a heauie weight vpon calamitie,
Depreſſe not the afflicted ouer-much,
The chiefeſt glory is the victors lenitie.
Th'inheritance of mercy from him take,
Of whom thou haſt thy fortune and thy name,
Great *Cæſar* me a Queene at firſt did make,
And let not *Cæſar* now confound the ſame.
Reade here theſe lines which ſtill I keep with me,
The witnes of his loue and fauours euer:
And God forbid this ſhould be ſaid of thee,
That *Cæſar* wrong'd the fauoured of *Cæſar*,
For looke what I haue beene to *Anthonie*,
Thinke thou the ſame I might haue been to thee,
And here I do preſent thee with the note
Of all the treaſure, all the Iewels rare
That Egypt hath in many ages got,
And looke what *Cleopatra* hath, is there.
Sel Nay, ther's not all ſet downe within that roule,
I know ſome things ſhe hath reſerud apart.
Cleo. What vile vngratefull wretch dar'ſt ỹ controule
Thy Queene & ſoueraigne? catiue as thou art.
Cæſ. Hold, hold, a poore reuenge can worke ſo feeble

Cleo. Ah *Cæsar*, what a great indignitie
Is this, that heere my vassall subiect stands,
T'accuse me to my Lord of trecherie?
If I reseru'd some certaine womens toyes,
Alas it was not for my selfe God knowes,
Poore miserable soule, that little ioyes
In trifling ornaments, in outward showes,
But what I kept, I kept to make my way
Vnto thy *Liuia*, and *Octauias* grace,
That thereby in compassion moou'd, they
Might mediat thy fauour in my case
Cæs. Well *Cleopatra*, feare not, thou shalt find
What fauour thou desir'st, or can'st expect,
For *Cæsar* neuer yet was found but kinde
To such as yeeld, and can themselues subiect.
And therefore giue thou comfort to thy mind,
Relieue thy soule thus ouercharg'd with care,
How well I will intreate thee thou shall find,
So soone as some affaires dispatched are,
Til whē farwel. *Cl.* Thanks thrise renowmed *Cæsar*,
Poore *Cleopatra* rests thine owne for euer.
Dol. No maruell *Cæsar* though our greatest sp'rits,
Haue to the power of such a charming beautie,
beene brought to yeeld the honor of their merits,
Forgetting all respects of other dutie.
When whilst the glory of her youth remaind
The wondring obiect to each wanton eye,
Before her full of sweet with sorrow waind,
Came to the period of this miserie.
If still, euen in the midst of death and horror,

Such

Such beauty ſhines thorow clouds of age & ſorow
If euen thoſe ſweet decaies ſeem to plead for her
Which from affliction, moouing graces borrow:
If in calamitie ſhe could thus moue,
What could ſhe do adorn'd w youth and loue?
What could ſhe do then, when as ſpreading wide
The pompe of beauty in her glory dight,
When arm'd with wonder, ſhe could vſe beſide
Th'engines of her loue, Hope and Delight?
Beauty daughter of Maruell, ô ſee how
Thou canſt diſgracing ſorrowes ſweetly grace?
What power thou ſhew'ſt in a diſtreſsed brow,
That mak'ſt affliction fair, giu'ſt teares their grace
What can vntreſsed locks, can torne rent haire,
A weeping eye, a wayling face be faire?
I ſee then, artleſse feature can content,
And that true beauty needes no ornament.

Caſ. What in a paſſion *Dolabella*? what? take heed,
Let others freſh examples be thy warning,
What miſchiefes theſe, ſo idle humors breed,
Whilſt error keepes vs from a true diſcerning.
Indeed, I ſaw ſhe labourd to impart
Her ſweeteſt graces in her ſaddeſt cheere:
Preſuming on the face that knew the arte
To moue with what aſpect ſo eu'r it were.
But all in vaine, ſhe takes her ayme amiſſe,
The ground and marke, her leuel much deceiues;
Time now hath altred all, for neither is
She as ſhe was, nor we, as ſhe conceiues.
And therfore now, were beſt ſhe left ſuch badnes,

Folly,

Folly in youth is ſinne, in age tis madnes.
And for my part, I ſeeke but t'intertaine
In her ſome feeding hope to draw her forth,
The greateſt trophey that my trauails gaine,
Is to bring home a prizall of ſuch worth.
And now, ſith that ſhee ſeemes ſo well content
To be diſpos'd by vs, without more ſtay
She with her children ſhall to Rome be ſent,
Whilſt I by *Syria* thither take my way.

CHORVS.

O *Fearfull frowning* Nemeſis,
Daughter of Iuſtice *moſt ſeuere,*
That art the worlds great Arbitreſſe,
And Queene of cauſes raigning heere.
Whoſe ſwift ſure hand is euer neere
Eternall iuſtice, righting wrong,
Who neuer yet deferr'ſt long
The proudes decay, the weakes redreſſe,
But through thy power euery where,
Dooſt raze the great, and raiſe the leſſe.
The leſſe made great, dooſt ruine to,
To ſhew the earth what heauen can do.

Thou from darke-clos'd eternitie,
From thy blacke clowdie hidden ſeate,
The worlds diſorders dooſt diſcrie:
Which when they ſwell ſo proudly great,
Reuerſing th'order nature ſet,
Thou giu'ſt thy all-confounding doome,

Which

Which none can know before it come.
Th'ineuitable destinie,
Which neither wit nor strength can let,
Fast chain'd vnto necessitie,
In mortall things doth order so,
Th'alternate course of weale or wo.

O how the powers of heauen doe play
With trauailed mortalitie:
And dooth their weaknes still betray,
Euen in their best prosperitie.
When being lifted vp so hie,
They looke beyond themselues so farre,
That to themselues they take no care:
Whilst swift confusion downe doth lay
Their late proude mounting vanitie:
Bringing their glory to decay,
And with the ruine of their fall,
Extinguish people, state and all.

But is it iustice that all wee
The innocent poore multitude,
For great mens faults should punisht be,
And to destruction thus pursude?
O why should th'heauens vs include,
Within the compasse of their fall,
Who of themselues procured all?
Or do the Gods (in close) decree,
Occasion take how to extrude
Man from the earth with cruelty?

Ah no, the Gods are euer iust,
Our faults excuse their rigor must.

This is the period Fate set downe
To Egypts fat prosperitie:
Which now vnto her greatest growne,
Must perish thus, by course must die.
And some must be the causers why
This reuolution must be wrought:
As borne to bring their state to nought,
To change the people and the crowne,
And purge the worlds iniquitie:
Which vice so farre hath ouer-growne,
As we, so they that treate vs thus,
Must one day perish like to vs.

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Seleucus. Rodon.

Sel. NEuer friend *Rodon* in a better howre,
Could I haue met thee then cu'n now I do,
Hauing affliction in the greatest power
Vpon my soule, and none to tell it to.
For tis some ease our sorrowes to reueale,
If they to whom we shall impart our woes
Seeme but to feele a part of what we feele,
And meete vs with a sigh but at a close.
Rod. And neuer friend *Seleucus* foundst thou one
That better could beare such a part with thee:
Who by his owne knowes others cares to mone,
And can in like accord of griefe agree,

And

And therefore tell th'oppreſſion of thy hart,
Tell to an eare prepard and tun'd to care,
And *I* will likewiſe vnto thee impart
As ſad a tale as what thou ſhalt declare.
So ſhal we both our mournfull plaints cõbine,
Ile waile thy ſtate, and thou ſhalt pittie mine.
Sel. well then, thou knowſt how I haue liu'd in grace
With *Cleopatra*, and eſteem'd in Court
As one of Counſell, and of chiefeſt place,
And euer helde my credite in that ſort:
Till now in this confuſion of our ſtate,
When thinking to haue vs'd a meane to clime,
And fled the wretched, flowne vnto the great,
Following the fortune of the preſent time,
Am come to be caſt downe and ruind cleene,
And in the courſe of mine owne plot vndone,
For hauing all the ſecrets of the Queene
Reueald to *Cæſar*, to haue fauour wonne,
My trecherie is quited with diſgrace,
My falſhood loath'd, & not without great reaſon
Though good for him, yet Princes in this caſe
Do hate the traitor, though they loue the treaſon.
For how could he imagine I would be
Faithfull to him, being falſe vnto mine owne?
And falſe to ſuch a bounteous Queene as ſhe,
That had me raiſd, & made mine honor knowne?
He ſaw twas not for zeale to him I bare,
But for baſe feare, or mine owne ſtate to ſettle.
Weaknes is falſe, and faith in Cowards rare,
Feare finds out ſhifts, timiditie is ſubtle.

And

And therfore ſcornd of him, ſcornd of mine own.
Hateſull to all that looke into my ſtate,
Deſpis'd *Seleucus* now is onely growne
The marke of infamie that's pointed at.

Rod. Tis much thou ſaiſt, and ô too much to feele,
And I doe grieue and do lament thy fall,
But yet all this which thou dooſt heere reueale,
Cõpar'd w̃ mine, will make thine ſeeme but ſmal,
Although my fault be in the ſelfe ſame kind,
Yet in degree farre greater, farre more hateſull;
Mine ſprung of miſchiefe, thine frõ feeble minde,
I ſtaind with blood, thou onely but vngrateſull.
For vnto mee did *Cleopatra* giue
The beſt and deareſt treaſure of her blood,
Louely *Cæſario*, whom ſhe would ſhould liue,
Free from the dangers wherein Egypt ſtood,
And vnto me with him this charge ſhe gaue,
Here *Rodon*, take, conuay from out this Coaſt,
This precious Iem the chiefeſt that I haue,
The iewell of my ſoule I value moſt,
Guide him to *India*, lead him far from hence,
Safeguard him where ſecure he may remaine,
Till better fortune call him backe from thence,
And Egypts peace be reconcil'd againe.
For this is he that may our hopes bring backe,
(The riſing ſunne of our declining ſtate)
Theſe be the hands that may reſtore our wracke,
And raiſe the broken ruines made of late.
He may giue limits to the boundles pride
Of fierce *Octauius*, and abate his might:

Great

Great *Iulius* of-ſpring, he may come to guide
The Empire of the world, as his by right.
O how he ſeemes the modell of his Syre?
O how I gaze my *Cæſar* in his face?
Such was his gate, ſo did his lookes aſpyre,
Such was his threatning brow, ſuch was his grace.
High ſhouldred, and his forehead euen as hie.
And ô, if he had not beene borne ſo late,
He might haue rul'd the worlds great Monarchy,
And now haue beene the Champion of our ſtate.
Then vnto him, ô my deere ſonne, ſhe ſayes,
Sonne of my youth, flie hence, ô flie, be gone,
Reſerue thy ſelfe, ordaind for better dayes,
For much thou haſt to ground thy hopes vpon.
Leaue me thy wofull Mother to endure,
The furie of this tempeſt heere alone.
Who cares not for her ſelfe, ſo thou be ſure,
Thou maiſt reuenge when others can but mone.
Rodon will ſee thee ſafe, *Rodon* will guide
Thee and thy wayes, thou ſhalt not need to feare.
Rodon my faithfull ſeruant will prouide
What ſhall be beſt for thee, take thou no care.
And ô good *Rodon*, looke well to his youth,
The waies are long, and dangers eu'ry where.
I vrge it not that I do doubt thy truth,
Mothers will caſt the worſt, and alwayes feare.
The abſent danger greater ſtill appeares,
Leſſe feares he, who is neere the thing he feares.
And ô, I know not what preſaging thought
My ſp'rit ſuggeſts of luckles bad euent:

But

But yet it may be tis but loue doth dote,
Or idle ſhadowes which my feares preſent.
But yet the memorie of mine owne fate,
Makes me feare his. And yet why ſhould I feare?
His fortune may recouer better ſtate,
And he may come in pompe to gouerne here.
But yet I doubt the Genius of our race
By ſome malignant ſpirit comes ouerthrowne:
Our blood muſt be extinct, in my diſgrace,
Egypt muſt haue no more kings of their owne.
Then let him ſtay, and let vs fall togither,
Sith it is fore-decreed that we muſt fall.
Yet who knowes what may come? let him goe thi-
What Merchant in one veſſell venters all? (ther,
Let vs diuide our ſtars. Goe, goe my ſonne,
Let not the fate of Egypt find thee heere:
Trie if ſo be thy deſtinie can ſhunne
The common wracke of vs by being there.
But who is he found euer yet defence
Againſt the heauens, or hid him any where?
Then what neede I to ſend thee ſo far hence
To ſeeke thy death, that maiſt aſwell die heere?
And heere die with thy Mother, die in reſt,
Not trauailing to what will come to thee.
Why ſhould we leaue our blood vnto the Eaſt,
When Egypt may a Tombe ſufficient be?
O my diuided ſoule, what ſhall I doe?
Whereon ſhall now my reſolution reſt?
What were I beſt reſolue to yeeld vnto
When both are bad, how ſhall I know the beſt?

Stay

Stay, I may hap ſo worke with *Cæſar* now,
That he may yeeld him to reſtore thy right.
Goe, *Ceſar* neuer will conſent that thou
So neere in blood, ſhalt be ſo great in might.
Then take him *Rodon*, goe my ſonne farewell.
But ſtay, there's ſomething elſe that I would ſay,
Yet nothing now, but ô God ſpeed thee well,
Leaſt ſaying more, that more may make thee ſtay.
Yet let me ſpeake, it may be tis the laſt
That euer I ſhall ſpeake to thee my ſonne.
Doe Mothers vſe to part in ſuch poſt-haſte?
What, muſt I end, when I haue ſcarce begun?
Ah no (deere hart) tis no ſuch ſlender twine
Where-with the knot is tide twixt thee and mee.
That blood within thy vaines came out of mine,
Parting from thee, I part from part of mee:
And therefore I muſt ſpeake, Yet what? ô ſonne.
Here more ſhe wold, whē more ſhe could not ſay.
Sorrow rebounding backe whence it begun,
Fild vp the paſſage, and quite ſtopt the way:
When ſweet *Ceſario* with a princely ſp'rit,
Though comfortleſſe himſelfe, did comfort giue,
With mildeſt words, perſwading her to beare it.
And as for him, ſhe ſhould not yeeld to grieue.
And I, with proteſtations of my part,
Swore by that faith, which ſworne I did deceiue,
That I would vſe all care, all wit, all arte
To ſee him ſafe, and ſo we tooke our leaue.
Scarce had we traueld to our iournies end,
When *Ceſar* hauing knowledge of our way,

His

His agents after vs with ſpeed doth ſend
To labour me *Ceſario* to betray.
Who with rewards, and promiſes ſo large,
aſſaild me then, that I grew ſoone content,
and backe to Rhodes did reconuay my charge,
Pretending that *Octauius* for him ſent,
To make him king of Egypt preſently.
And thither come ſeeing himſelfe betraid,
and in the hands of death through trecherie,
Wayling his ſtate, thus to himſelfe he ſaid,
Lo here brought backe by ſubtile traine to death,
Betraid by Tutors faith, or Traytors rather,
My fault my blood, and mine offence my birth,
For being ſonne of ſuch a mightie father.
From *India*, whither ſent by mothers care,
To be reſeru'd from Egypts common wrack,
To Rhodes, (ſo long the armes of Tyrants are)
I am by *Ceſars* ſubtile reach brought backe,
Heere to be made th'oblation for his feares, (him,
Who doubts the poore reuenge theſe hands may do
Reſpecting neither blood, nor youth, nor yeares,
Or how ſmall ſafetie can my death be to him.
And is this all the good of being borne great?
Then wretched greatnes, proud rich miſerie,
Pompous diſtreſſe, glittering calamitie.
Is it for this th'ambitious fathers ſweat,
To purchaſe blood and death for them and theirs?
Is this the iſsue that their glories get,
To leaue a ſure deſtruction to their heires?
O how farre better had it beene for me,

From

From low deſcent, deriu'd of humble birth,
That haue eate the ſweet-ſowre bread of pouertie,
And drunke of Nilus ſtreame in Nilus earth,
Vnder the couering of ſome quiet Cotage,
Free from the wrath of heauen, ſecure in minde,
Vntoucht when ſad euents of Princes dotage
Confounds what euer mightie it doth finde.
And not t'haue ſtood in their way, whoſe condition
Is to haue all made cleare, and all thing plaine,
Betweene them and the marke of their ambition,
That nothing let the full ſight of their raigne,
Where nothing ſtands y ſtands not in ſubmiſſion,
Where greatnes muſt all in it ſelfe containe.
Kings will be alone, Competitors muſt downe,
Neere death he ſtands, y ſtands too neer a Crowne.
Such is my caſe, for *Ceſar* will haue all:
My blood muſt ſeale th'aſſurance of his ſtate,
Yet ah weake ſtate that blood aſſure him ſhall,
Whoſe wrongfull ſhedding Gods and men do hate.
Iniuſtice neuer ſcapes vnpuniſht ſtill,
Though men reuenge not yet the heauens will.
And thou *Auguſtus* that with bloodie hand,
Cutt'ſt off ſucceſſion from anothers race,
Maiſt find the heauens thy vowes ſo to withſtand,
That others may depriue thine in like caſe.
When thou maiſt ſee thy proud contentious bed
Yeelding thee none of thine that may inherite,
Subuert thy blood, place others in their ſted,
To pay this thy iniuſtice her due merite.
If it be true, (as who can that denie

Which

Which sacred Priests of *Memphis* do store.
Some of the ofspring yet of *Anthony*,
Shall all the rule of this whole Empire sway.
And then *Augustus* what is it thou gainest
By poore *Antillus* blood, or this of mine?
Nothing but this, thy victorie thou stainest,
And pull'st the wrath of heauen on thee & thine.
In vaine doth man contend against the starres.
For what he seekes to make, his wisdom marres.
Yet in the meane-time, we whom Fates reserue,
The bloodie sacrifices of ambition,
We feele the smart whatsoeuer they deserue,
And we endure the present times condition.
The iustice of the heauens reuenging thus,
Doth onely satisfie it selfe, not vs.
Yet tis a pleasing comfort that doth ease,
Affliction in so great extremitie,
To thinke their like destruction shall appease
Our ghosts, which did procure our miserie.
But dead we are, vncertaine what shall be,
And liuing, wee are sure to feele the wrong:
Our certaine ruine we our selues doe see,
They ioy the while, and we know not how long.
But yet *Cesario*, thou must die content,
For men will mone, & God reuenge th'innocent.
Thus he cõplaind & thus thou hear'st my shame.

Sel. But how hath *Cæsar* now rewarded thee?

Rod. As he hath thee: and I expect the same
As fell to *Theodor* to fall to mee;
For he, (one of my coate) hauing betraid

The

The yong *Antillus*, sonne of *Anthonie*,
And his death from off his necke conuaid
A iewell, which being askt, he did denie,
Cæsar occasion tooke to hang him straight.
Such instruments, with princes liue not long.
Although they need vs, (actors of deceit)
Yet still our sight seemes to vpbraid their wrong,
And therefore we must needes this danger runne,
And in the net of our owne guile be caught:
We must not liue to bray what we haue done,
For what is done, must not appeare their fault.
But here comes *Cleopatra*, wofull Queene,
And our shame will not that we should be seene.

Exeunt.

CLEOPATRA.

WHat, hath my face yet power to win a Louer,
Can this torne remnant serue to grace me so,
That it can *Cæsars* secrete plots discouer,
What he intends with me and mine to doe?
Why then poore beautie thou hast done thy last,
And best good seruice thou couldst do vnto me.
For now the time of death reueal'd thou hast,
Which in my life did serue but to vndoe me.
Heere *Dolabella*, tar forsooth in loue,
Writes, how that *Cæsar* meanes forth-with to send
Both me and mine, th'ayre of Rome to proue,
There his tryumphant Chariot to attend.
I thanke the man, both for his loue and Letter,
Th'one comes fit to warne me thus before,

But

But for th'other, I [illegible] die his debt
For *Cleopatra* now [illegible] loue no more.
But hauing leaue, I must go take [illegible]
And last farewell of my dead *Antho*[illegible]
Whose deerly honour'd Tombe mu[illegible] receiue.
This sacrifice, the last before I die.
O sacred euer-memorable stone,
That hast without my teares, within [illegible]
Receiue th'oblation of the wofulst mone
That euer yet from sad affliction came.
And you deere reliques of my Lord and loue,
The sweetest parcels of the faithfulst liuer,
O let no impious hand dare to remoue
You out from hence, but rest you here for euer.
Let Egypt now giue peace vnto you dead,
That liuing, gaue you trouble and turmoile,
Sleepe quiet in this euerlasting bed,
In forraine land preferrd before your soile.
And ô, if that the sp'rits of men remaine
After their bodies, and do neuer die,
Thé heare thy ghost thy captiue spouse complaine,
And be attentiue to her miserie.
But if that labourſome mortalitie,
Found this sweet errour, onely to confine
The curious search of idle vanitie,
That would the depth of darknes vndermine,
Or rather to giue rest vnto the thought
Of wretched man, with th'after-comming ioy
Of those conceiued fields whereon we dote,
To pacifie the present worlds annoy.

If

If it be ſo, why ſpeake I then to th'aire?
But 'tis not ſo, my *Anthonie* doth heare:
His euer-liuing ghoſt attends my prayer.
Ant. I doe know his houering ſp'rit is neere.
And I will ſpeake, and pray, and mourne to thee,
O pure immortall loue that daign'ſt to heare:
I ſeele thou aunſwer'ſt my credulitie
With touch of comfort, finding none elſe where.
Thou know'ſt theſe hãds entomb'd thee here of late
Free and vnforſt, which now muſt ſeruile bee,
Reſeru'd for bands to grace proud *Cæſars* ſtate,
Who ſeekes in me to triumph ouer thee.
O if in life we could not ſeuerd bee,
Shall Death diuide our bodies now aſunder?
Muſt thine in Egypt, mine in Italie,
Be kept in monuments of Fortunes wonder?
If any powres be there where as thou art,
(Sith our owne Country Gods betray our caſe,)
O worke they may their gracious helpe impart,
To ſafe thy wofull wife from ſuch diſgrace:
Doe not permit ſhe ſhould in tryumph ſhew
The bluſh of her reproch, ioyn'd with thy ſhame;
But (rather) let that hatefull Tyrant know,
That thou and I had powre t'auoyd the ſame.
But what doe I ſpend breath and idle winde,
In vaine invoking a conceiued ayde?
Why doe I not my ſelfe occaſion finde
To breake the bounds wherein my ſelfe am ſtayd?
Words are for them that can complaine and liue,
Whoſe melting harts compos'd of baſer frame,

Can to their ſorrowes time and leiſure giue,
But *Cleopatra* may not do the ſame.
No *Anthonie*, thy loue requireth more.
A lingring death, with thee deſerues no merit,
I muſt my ſelfe force open wide a doore
To let out life, and ſo vnhouſe my ſpirit.
Theſe hands muſt breake the priſon of my ſoule
To come to thee, there to enioy like ſtate,
As doth the long-pent ſolitarie Foule,
That hath eſcapt her cage, and found her mate.
This Sacrifice to ſacrifice my life,
Is that true incenſe that doth beſt beſeeme:
Theſe rites may ſerue a life-deſiring wife,
Who doing them, t'haue done enough doth deeme,
My hart blood ſhould the purple flowers haue beene
Which heere vpon thy Tombe to thee are offred.
No ſmoake but dying breath ſhould here been ſeene,
And this it had beene to, had I beene ſuffred.
But what haue I ſaue theſe bare hands to do it?
And theſe weake fingers are not yron-poynted:
They cannot pearce the fleſh being put vnto it,
And I of all meanes elſe am diſappoynted.
But yet I muſt away and meanes ſeeke, how
To come vnto thee, what ſo ere I doo.
O Death, art thou ſo hard to come by now,
That we muſt pray, intreate, and ſeek thee too?
But *I* will finde thee whereſo ere thou lie,
For who can ſtay a mind reſolu'd to die?
And now I goe to worke th'effect in deed,
Ile neuer ſend more words or ſighes to thee:

Ile

Bring my ſoule my ſelfe, and that with ſpeed,
Marke I will bring my ſoule to Anthonie,
Come goe my Maides, my fortunes ſole attender.
That miniſter to miſerie and ſorrow:
Your Miſtres you vnto your freedom renders,
And quits you from all charge yet ere to morrow.
And now by this, I thinke the man I ſent
Is neere return'd that brings me my diſpatch.
God grant his cunning ſort to good euent,
And that his skill may well beguile my watch.
So ſhall I ſhun diſgrace, leaue to be ſorie,
Flie to my loue, ſcape my foe, free my ſoule:
So ſhall I act the laſt of life with glorie,
Die like a Queene, and reſt without controule.

Exit.

CHORVS.

MIſterions Egypt, wonder breeder,
ſtrict religious ſtrange obſeruer.
Staie-ordrer Zeale, the beſt rule-keeper,
foſtring ſtill in temperate fervor:
O how cam'ſt thou to loſe ſo wholy
all religion, law and order?
And thus become the moſt vnholy
of all Lands that Nylus border?
How could confus'd Diſorder enter
where ſterne Law ſate ſo ſeuerely?
How durſt weake luſt and riot venter
th'eye of Iuſtice looking neerely?

uld not those meanes that made thee great,
Be still the meanes to keepe thy state?

Ah no, the course of things requireth
change and alteration euer:
That one continuance man desireth,
th'vnconstant world yeeldeth never.
We in our counsels must be blinded,
and not see what doth import vs:
And often-times the thing least minded,
Is the thing that most must hurt vs.
Yet they that haue the sterne in guiding,
tis their fault that should preuent it,
For oft they seeing their Country sliding,
take their ease, as though contented.
We imitate the greater powres,
The Princes manners fashion ours.

Th'example of their light regarding,
vulgar loosenes much incences:
Vice vncontrould, growes wide inlarging,
kings small faults, be great offences.
And this hath set the window open
vnto licence, lust and ryot:
This way confusion first found broken,
Whereby entred our disquiet.
Those lawes that Zoroaster founded,
and the Ptolomies obserued,
Hereby first came to be confounded,
which our state so long preserued.

The

The wanton [illegible]ry of Court,
Did forme the people of like sort.

For all (respecting priuate pleasure,)
vniuersally consenting
To abuse their time, their treasure,
in their owne delight contenting:
And future dangers nought respecting,
whereby, (O how easie matter
Made this so generall neglecting,
confus'd weakenes to discouer)
Cæsar found th'effect true tried,
in his easie entrance making;
Who at the sight of armes, descried
all our people, all forsaking.
For ryot (worse then warre,) so sore
Had wasted all our strength before.

And thus is Egypt seruile rendred
to the insolent destroyer:
And all their sumptuous treasure rendred,
all her wealth that did betray her.
Which poyson (O if heauens be rightfull,)
may so farre infect their sences,
That Egypts pleasures so delightfull,
may breede them the like offences.
And Romans learne our way of weakenes,
be instructed in our vices:
That our spoyles may spoyle your greatnes,
ouercome with our deuises.

...ll your hands, and carrie home
...gh from vs to ruine Rome.

ACTVS QVINTVS.

Dolabella. Titius.

Dol. COme tell me *Titius* eu'ry circumstance
How *Cleopatra* did receiue my new
...ell eu'ry-looke, each gesture, countenance,
That she did in my Letters reading vse.
Tit. I shall my Lord so farre as I could note,
Or my conceit obserue in any wise.
It was the time when as she hauing got
Leaue to her Deerest dead to sacrifice;
And now was issuing out the Monument,
With Odours, Incence, Garlands in her hand,
When I approcht (as one from *Cæsar* sent)
And did her close thy message t'vnderstand.
She turnes her backe, and with her takes me in,
Reades in thy lines thy strange vnlookt for tale:
And reades, & smile ...nd stayes, and doth begin
Againe to reade, th ...blusht, and then was pale.
And hauing ended with a sigh, refolds
The Letter vp: and with a fixed eye,
(Which stedfast her imagination holds)
She mus'd a while, standing confusedly.
At length, Ah friend, (said she) tel thy good Lord
How deere I hold his pittying of my case:
That out of his sweet nature can afford,
A miserable woman so much grace.

Tell

Tell him how much my heauie ſoule doth grieue
Mercileſſe *Cæſar* ſhould ſo deale with me:
Pray him that he would all the counſell giue
That might diuert him from ſuch crueltie.
As for my loue, ſay *Anthonie* hath all,
Say that my heart is gone into the graue
With him, in whom it reſts and euer ſhall:
I haue it not my ſelfe, nor cannot haue.
Yet tell him, he ſhall more commaund of mee
Then any, whoſoeuer lyuing, can.
He that ſo friendly ſhewes himſelfe to bee
A right kind Roman, and a Gentleman.
Although his Nation (fatall vnto mee)
Haue had mine age a ſpoyle, my youth a pray,
Yet his affection muſt accepted bee,
That fauours one diſtreſt in ſuch decay.
Ah, he was worthy then to haue beene lou'd
Of *Cleopatra*, whiles her glory laſted;
Before ſhe had declining fortune prou'd,
Or ſeene her honor wrackt, her flower blaſted.
Now there is nothing left her but diſgrace,
Nothing but her affliction that can moue:
Tell *Dolabella*, one that's in her caſe,
(Poore ſoule) needes rather pitty now then loue.
But ſhortly ſhall thy Lord heare more of mee.
And ending ſo her ſpeech, no longer ſtaid,
But haſted to the Tombe of *Anthonie*.
And this was all ſhe did, and all ſhe ſaid.
Dol. Ah ſweet diſtreſſed Ladie. What hard hart
Could chuſe but pitie thee, and loue thee too?

Thy worthines, the ſtate wherein thou art
Requireth both, and both I vow to doo,
Although ambition lets not *Cæſar* ſee
The wrong he doth thy Maieſtie and ſweetnes,
Which makes him now exact ſo much of thee,
To adde vnto his pride, to grace his greatnes.
He knowes thou canſt no hurt procure vs now,
Sith all thy ſtrength is ſeaz'd into our hands:
Nor feares he that, but rather labours how
He might ſhew Rome ſo great a Queen in bands,
That our great Ladies (enuying thee ſo much
That ſtaind thé all, & held them in ſuch wonder)
Might ioy to ſee thee, and thy fortune ſuch,
Thereby extolling him that brought thee vnder.
But I will ſeeke to ſtay it what I may;
I am but one, yet one that *Cæſar* loues.
And ô if now I could do more then pray,
Then ſhouldſt ÿ know how far affection moues.
But what my powre and prayer may preuaile,
Ile ioyne them both, to hinder thy diſgrace:
And euen this preſent day I will not faile
To doe my beſt with *Cæſar* in this caſe.

Tit. And ſir, euen now her ſelfe hath Letters ſent,
I met her meſſenger as I came hither,
With a diſpatch as he to *Cæſar* went,
But knowes not what imports her ſending thither
Yet this he told, how *Cleopatra* late
Was come from ſacrifice. How richly clad
Was ſeru'd to dinner in moſt ſumptuous ſtate,
With all the braueſt ornaments ſhe had.

How

...ieft vs all
...s me gone...ath *Cæsar* forst her so?
a, she is gone, and hath deceiu'd him to.
...What, fled to INDIA, to go find her sonne?
Nun. No, not to INDIA, but to find her sonne.
Cho. Why thē there's hope she may her state recouer.
Nun. Her state? nay rather honor, and her Louer.
Chor. Her Louer? Him she cannot haue againe.
Nun. Well, him she hath, with him she doth remaine.
Cho. Why thē she's dead. Ist so? why speak'st not thou?
Nun. You gesse aright, and I will tell you how.

Whē she perceiu'd al hope was clean bereft her,
That *Cæsar* ment to send her straight away,
And saw no meanes of reconcilement left her,
Worke what she could, she could not work to stay:
She calls me to her, and she thus began.
O thou whose trust hath euer beene the same
And one in all my fortunes, faithfull man,
Alone content t'attend disgrace and shame.
Thou, whom the fearefull ruine of my fall,
Neuer deterrd to leaue calamitie:
As did those other smooth state-pleasers all,
Who followed but my fortune, and not me.
Tis thou must do a seruice for thy Queene,
Wherein thy faith and skill must doe their best:
Thy honest care and dutie shall be seene
Performing this, more then in all the rest.
For all what thou hast done, may die with thee,
Although tis pittie that such faith should die.

But this ſhall euer-m
A rare example to poſteritie.
And looke how long as *Cleopatra* ſhall
In after ages liue in memorie,
So long ſhall thy cleare fame endure withall,
And therefore thou muſt not my ſute denie;
Nor contradict my will. For what I will
I am reſolu'd: and this, tis thou muſt doe me:
Goe finde me out with all thy arte and skill
To Aſpicks, and conuay them cloſe vnto me.
I haue a worke to doe with them in hand,
Enquire not what, for thou ſhalt ſoone ſee what,
If the heauen doe not my diſſeignes withſtand,
But doe thy charge, and let me ſhift with that.
Being thus coniur'd, by her t'whom I'had vow'd
My true perpetuall ſeruice, forth I went,
Deuiſing how my cloſe attempt to ſhrowde,
So that there might no arte my arte preuent.
And ſo diſguis'd in habite as you ſee,
Hauing found out the thing for which I went,
I ſoone return'd againe, and brought with mee
The Aſpicks in a basket cloſely pent,
Which I had fill'd with figges, and leaues vpon,
And comming to the guard that kept the doore,
What haſt thou there? ſaid they, and lookt thereon.
Seeing the figges, they deem'd of nothing more,
But ſaid, they were the faireſt they had ſeene.
Taſte ſome, ſaid I, for they are good and pleaſant.
No, no, ſaid they, goe beare them to thy Queene.
Thinking me ſome poore man y brought a preſent.

Well,

…din'd, she writes, and sends away
…aight to Cæsar, and commanded than
All should depart the Tombe, and none to stay
But her two maides, and one poore Countryman.
Dol. Why thē I know, she sends t'haue audience now
And meanes t'experience what her state can do:
To see if Maiestie will make him bow
To what affliction could not moue him to.
And ô, if now she could but bring a view
Of that fresh beautie she in youth possest,
(The argument where-with she ouer-threw
The wit of *Iulius* Cæsar, and the rest)
Then happily *Augustus* might relent,
Whilst powreful Loue (far stroger thē ambition)
Might worke in him, a mind to be content
To graunt her asking, in the best condition.
But Being as she is, yet doth she merite
To be respected, for what she hath beene:
The wonder of her kinde of rarest spirit,
A glorious Lady, and a mightie Queene.
And now, but by a little weakenes falling
To doe that which perhaps shē was forst to doe,
Alas, an error past, is past recalling,
Take away weakenes, and take women too.
But now I goe to be thy aduocate,
Sweet *Cleopatra*, now Ile vse mine arte.
Thy presence will me greatly animate,
Thy face will teach my tongue, thy loue my hart.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Nuntius.

AM I (ô Lords) the carefull Messenger,
And sad newes-bringer of the strangest death,
Which selfe hand did vpon it selfe inferr,
To free a captiue soule from seruile breath?
Must I the lamentable wonder shew,
Which al the world must grieue and maruaile at?
The rarest forme of death in earth below,
That euer pittie, glory, wonder gat.

Chor. What news brings ỹ, can Egypt yet yeeld more
Of sorrow then it hath? what can it adde
To the alreadie ouer-flowing store
Of sad affliction, matter yet more sadde?
Haue we not seene the worst of our calamitie?
Is there behind yet something of distresse
Vnseene, vnknowne? Tell if that greater miserie
There be, that we waile not that which is lesse.
Tell vs what so it be, and tell at first,
For sorrow euer longs to heare her worst.

Nun. Well then, the strangest thing relate I will,
That euer eye of mortall man hath seene.
I (as you know) euen from my youth, haue still
Attended on the person of the Queene,
And euer in all fortunes good or ill,
With her as one of chiefest trust haue beene.
And now in these so great extremities,
That euer could to Maiestie befall,

I did

...erchefe
...dy
...climming thie...e,
...ourſelues away
...e ſomething diuin
...fore ſt they did
...e aſſigne,
...ories were hid
...e Sunne
...mou...

Doeſ ſure my
And therefore to,
In zeale I make the offring o...
Ca... nity confirming now in me
...ſure beliefe that piety makes good,
Which happy men neglect, or hold ambiguous,
And only the afflicted are religious.
And heere I ſacrifice theſe armes to death,
That luſt hath dedicated to delights?
Offring vp for my laſt, this laſt of breath,
The complements of my loues deereſt rites.
With that ſhe bares her arme, and offer makes
To touch her death, yet at the touch with-drawes,
And ſeeming more to ſpeake, occaſion takes,
Willing to die, and willing to to pauſe.
Looke how a Mother at her ſonnes departing
For ſome far voyage, bent to get him fame,
Doth entertaine him with an idle parling,
And ſtill doth ſpeake, and ſtill ſpeakes but the ſame;

Now

[illegible] bids farewe[illegible]
[illegible] wher was to
yet againe [illegible]alls,
[illegible]thing tha[illegible] loue wo
[illegible] he shoul[illegible]o,yet c[illegible]
[illegible]althoug[illegible]
but t[illegible]hi yet this sh[illegible]
Pur[illegible] she must s[illegible]ew [illegible]
[illegible] would she [illegible]
And no[illegible]
[illegible] er brow
The doubt[illegible] [illegible]twixt Life and Honour.
Life bringing [illegible]ons of fresh hopes with her,
arm'd with the proofe of Time, which yeelds we say
Comfort and helpe, to such as doe refer
All vnto him, and can admit delay.
But honour scorning Life, loe forth leades he
Bright immortalitie in shining armour:
Thorow the rayes of whose cleere glory, she
Might see lifes basenes, how much it might harm her
Besides, she saw whole armies of reproches,
And base Disgraces, Furies fearfull sad,
Marching with Life, and Shame that still incroches,
Vppon her face, in bloodie colours clad.
Which representments seeing woorse then death
She deem'd to yeeld to Life, and therefore chose
To render all to Honour, hart and breath;
And that with speede, least that her inward foes
False flesh and blood, ioyning with life and hope,
Should mutinie against her resolution,

And

...ar the Sunn
...s rich aray,
...opatra sate, as if shi had wonne
Ca... d all the world beside this day.
Euen as she was when on thy christall streames,
O CYDNOS thee did shew what earth could shew.
When Asia all amaz'd in wonder, deemes
VENVS from heauen was come on earth below.
Euen as she went at first to meete her Loue,
So goes she now at last againe to finde him.
But that first did her greatnes onely proue,
This last her loue, that could not liue behind him.
Yet as she sate the doubt of my good speed,
Detracts much from the sweetnes of her looke:
Cheere-marrer Care, did then such passions breed,
That made her eye bewray the care she tooke.
But she no sooner sees me in the place,
But straight her sorrow-clowded brow the cleeres.
Lightning a smile from out a stormie face,
Which all her tempest-beaten sences cheeres.
Looke how a straied perplexed trauailer,
When chas'd by thieues, and euen at point of taking
Discrying suddainly some towne not far,
Or some vnlookt-for ayde to him-ward making;
Cheers vp his tired spirits, thrusts forth his strength
To meet that good, that comes in so good houre:
Such was her ioy, perceiuing now at length,
Her honor was t'escape so proud a powre.
Forth from her seate she hastes to meet the present,
And as one ouer-ioyd, she caught it straight.

and

...a smi...
... among them...
...eeing there the vgly venemous beast...
...ing dismaide, she stayes and viewes it...
...gth, th'extreamest of her passion ceasing...
...en she began with words her ioy to tell.
O rarest Beast (saith she) that Affricke breedes,
How deerely welcome art thou vnto me?
The fairest creature that faire *Nylus* feedes
Me thinkes I see, in now beholding thee.
What though the euer-erring world doth deeme
That angred Nature fram'd thee but in spight:
Little they know what they so light esteeme,
That neuer learn'd the wonder of thy might.
Better then Death, Deaths office thou dischargest,
That with one gentle touch canst free our breath:
And in a pleasing sleepe our soule enlargest,
Making our selues not priuie to our death.
If Nature err'd, ô then how happie error,
Thinking to make thee worst, shee made thee best:
Sith thou best freest vs from our liues worst terror
In sweetly bringing soules to quiet rest.
When that inexorable Monster Death
That followes Fortune, flies the poore distressed,
Tortures our bodies ere he takes our breath,
And loades with paines th'already weak oppressed,
How oft haue I begg'd, pray'd, intreated him
To take my life, and yet could neuer get him?
And when he comes, he comes so vgly grim,
That who is he (if he could chuse) would let him?
Ther- -ore

[illegible] great
[illegible] get,
e I lose, that haue but life to lose?
s nauing said, strengthned in her owne hart,
d vnion of her selfe sences in one
Charging tog[illegible]ner, she performes that part
That hath so great a part of glory wonne.
And so receiues the deadly poysning touch,
That touch that tride the golde of her loue pure,
And hath confirm'd her honour to be such,
As must a wonder to all worlds endure.
Now not a yeelding shrinke or touch of feare,
Consented to bewray least sence of paine:
But still in one same sweete vnaltred cheere,
Her honor did her dying thoughts retaine.
Wel, now this worke is done (sayth she) here ends
This act of life, that part of Fates assign'd me:
What glory or disgrace heere this worlde lends,
Both haue I had, and both I leaue behind me.

And

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Their former [illegible]
Looke how a new pruned [illegible]
Declynes his fading leaues in feeble sort,
So her disioyned ioyntures as vndoone,
Let fall her weake dissolued limbs support
Yet loe that face the wonder of he[illegible]
Retaines in death, a grace that graceth Death,
Colour so liuely, cheere so louely rise,
That none wold think such beuty could want breth
And in that cheere, th'impression of a smile
Did seeme to shew she scorned death and *Cæsar*,
As glorying that she could them both beguile,
And telling death howe much her death did please
Wonder it was to see how soone she went, (her.
She went with such a wil, and did so haste it,
That sure I thinke she did her paine preuent,
Fore-going paine, or staying not to taste it.
And senceles in her shrinking downe she wries
The Diadem which on her head she wore,

Which

And dying
And *Eras*[illegible] feet [illegible]
Charmion, is this well done? said one of them.
Yea, well said she, a[illegible]er that from the race
Of so gr[illegible]s descends, doth best become.
And with that word yeelds to her faithfull breath,
To passe [illegible]rance of her loue with death.
Cho. But how knew *Cæsar* of her close intent?
Nun. By letters which before to him she sent.
For when she how procur'd this meanes to die,
She writes, and earnestly entreates, she might
Be buried in one toombe with *Anthony*.
Whereby then *Cæsar* gess'd all went not right.

And

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